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Annals
of the Glen.

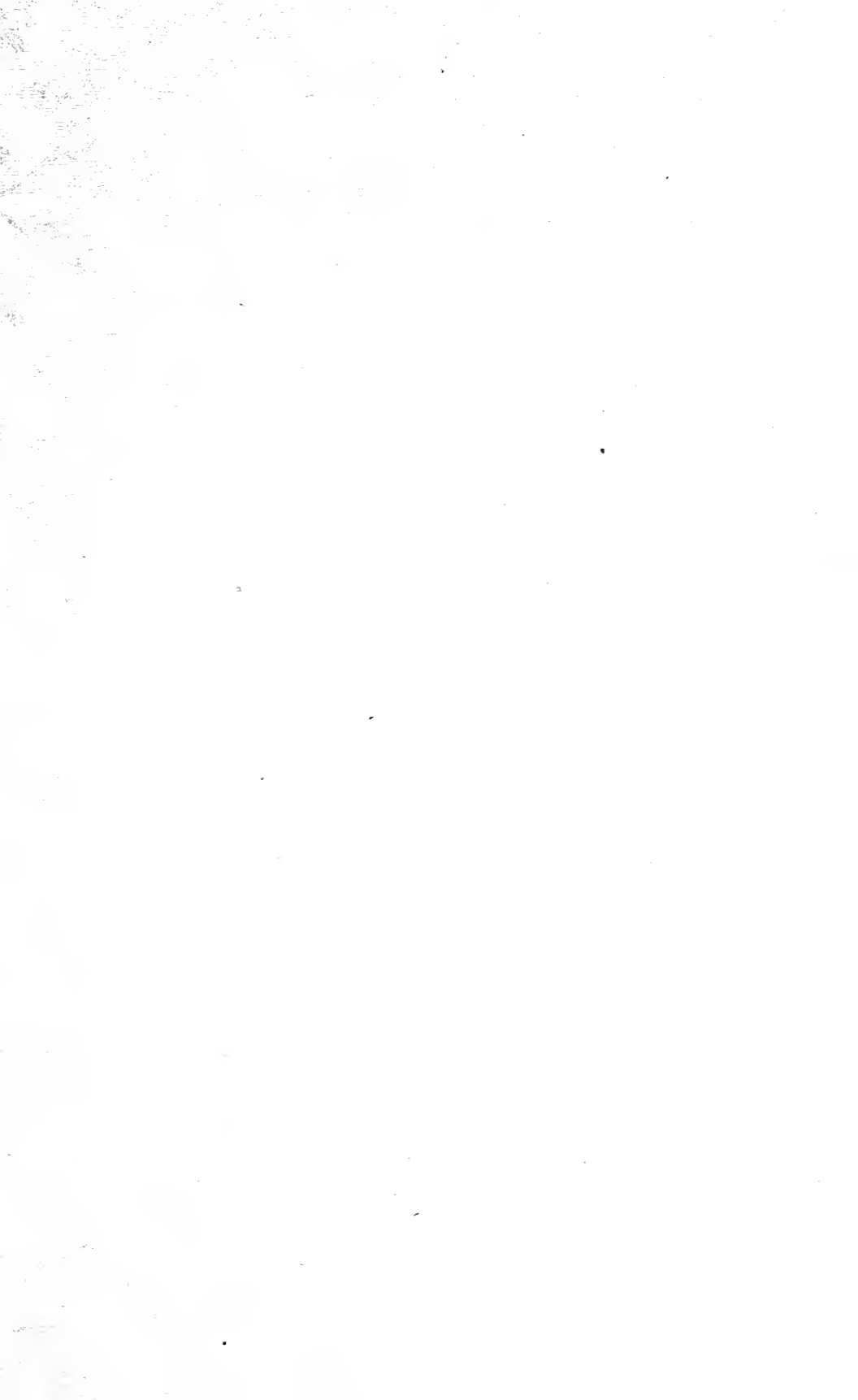


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Annals of the Glen

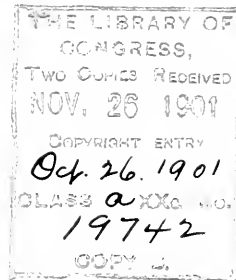
— BY —

WILFRID J. DORWARD.



O Forest Glen ! O haunt of the Muses nine !
O treasury of labor and of rest !
How much thou hold 'st within thy breast !
How much thou say 'st to mine !

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JOHN T. DURWARD

1901

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PREFACE.

The ever-increasing number of visitors to Durward's Glen seems to make necessary a souvenir volume, that they may carry away something of its beauty and romance, even as the stroller by the sea shore possesses himself of a little of its music in the hollow rainbow-tinted shell.

It is well, too, that before they are forgotten the incidents of pioneer days be recorded, and the fast-departing Fauna be remembered, and the Flora of to-day be described for to-morrow. Most of the illustrations are pictures engraved for the first time; the thought having gained recognition that the work of the Artist Brother should not be selfishly hidden, but that beauty, like charity, should be diffusive. We send them on beauty's mission.

The Glen: March 7, 1901.

ANNALS OF THE GLEN.*

"KNOWEST THOU THE LAND."

"AULD GEORDIE."

UPHILL BEGINNINGS.

SPRING VISITORS AT THE GLEN.

A HARDWOOD ROMANCE.

THE BIRD CHOIR.

A WELL-TRAVELED THOROUGHFARE.

THE ARTIST BROTHER.

RECLAIMED FOR A SEASON.

WINTER AT THE GLEN.

THE VANISHING GAME.

SURCEASE AND SURVIVAL.

POSTSCRIPT.

*DURWARD'S GLEN, CALEDONIA, COLUMBIA COUNTY, WISCONSIN.





IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

“KNOWEST THOU THE LAND.”

It is known of a few favored ones, ones that have grown weary, or indignant, or terrified at the awful and increasing celerity of the mad rush on life's dusty highway,

“And hitherward they turn with uplift faces,

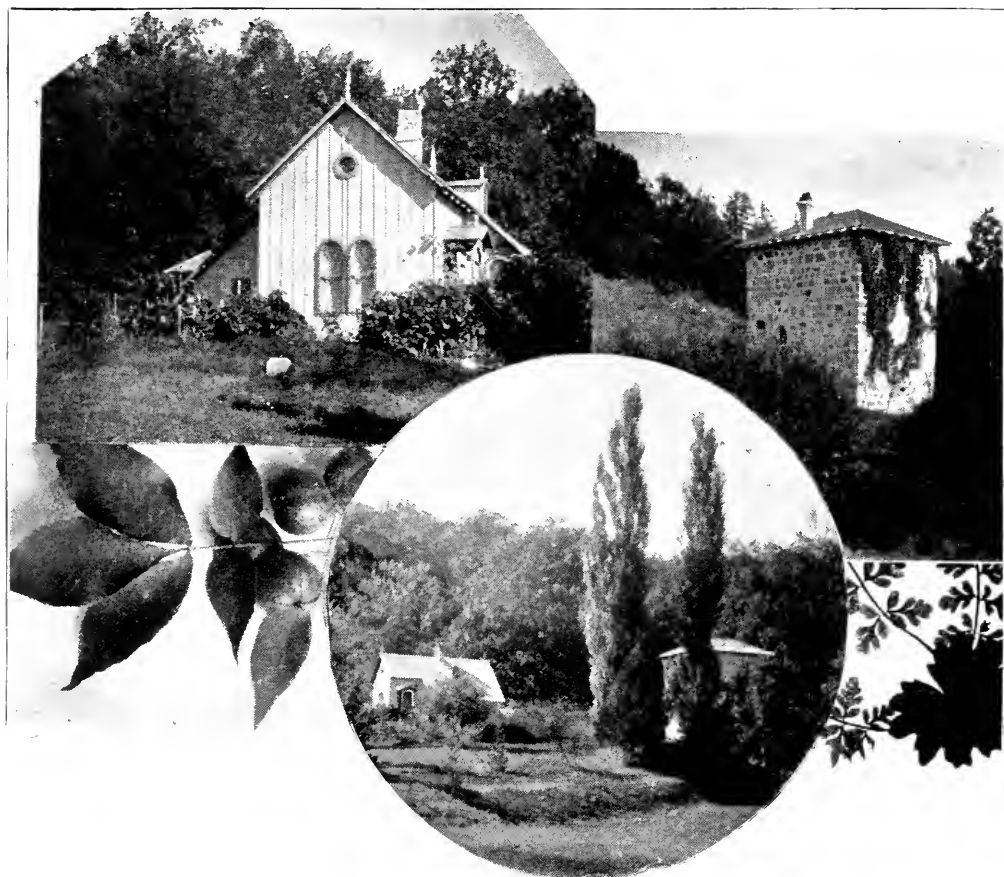
Longing to rest them” in its cool leafy solitudes and sweet silences. Would'st thou too know of it?

Journey with me to a spot well within that great bend or elbow of the Wisconsin river where it approaches to almost within hailing distance of the waters of the Fox, bound in an opposite direction, and then abruptly veers to the right. A fertile valley fifteen miles in length runs parallel to the river, terminating in a prairie at the south end and a marsh at the north. Midway, a sheltered vale, perhaps a mile long, nestles in the embrace of the hills. Long ages ago it was spanned at its narrowest part by a dam of Nature's masonry, that confined a limpid lake of cold spring water in the recesses of the forest, there to slake the thirst of the deer, and mirror the beauties of the earth and sky. These waters finally cut their way through the rocky barrier to freedom and the Gulf, leaving us a babbling trout stream fed by springs, and the deep rocky gateway or gorge fringed with pines, through which it passes. On still days the ear can faintly catch the labored panting of the C. & N. W. locomotives as they slowly drag their freightage around the “Devil's Nose” and through between the

quartzite walls that encircle "Devil's Lake," and this with the far off whistle of the railroad shops at Baraboo, is all the outside din of traffic that we hear. Inside the Valley a small city of white-walled cottages—a city ruled by Queens, and filled with thousands of busy workers—give out a pleasant hum by day; and the ceaseless plash of the house spring, in its marble basin, breaks the hushed stillness of the night. All around a luxuriant vegetation blossoms and runs riot, and the birds hold high carnival through a season of six moons. Here the naturalist or artist can pass a summer up to his eyes in delectable study, his ears filled with bird melody, his feet irresistibly drawn along the shady path into the teeming solitude. But remember, this is only true after "Jack Frost" and suite have gone north for the benefit of their health. Let us not now think of the winter.

To be more explicit and prosaic, the "Glen" of these annals is a forty acre patch of woodland, meadowland, and marshland, with rocks and streams and plant and tree growths innumerable. It finally became the permanent home of my parents, when they were something past middle age, but we had previously lived there when I was quite young. So its scenery was largely instrumental in forming and directing my love of the beautiful in nature, and as the books and pictures scattered in prodigal profusion over the house as readily encouraged a taste for literature and art, I naturally devote the first labors of my pen to the recording of its simple legends and memories, and as a sort of unofficial guide book to its by-ways and woodpaths.

It were in vain to look for any sequence in these sketches themselves—this was thought of but was considered inevitable—but the connection between each individual sketch and the glen will, I hope, be apparent:



COTTAGE AND GALLERY.

and in justification of this feeling I may remark, that all the photographs for the illustrations were taken by me on the place and expressly for the work. The glen changes so fast—the forces of vegetation and decay, and the ceaseless wearing of the waters are transforming it while yet I describe it—that the pictorial record though true to-day may be lacking to-morrow; but it may be all the more precious for that in the days to come. And we all look forward; we must, even if we would not. It is the only way to face in battle, it is the best vision in life. And yet, too, who is there that does not sometimes give one “lingering look behind?” Let us in these papers look forward and backward; yet also dwell on whatever is beautiful and of good report beside us in the vision of to-day.

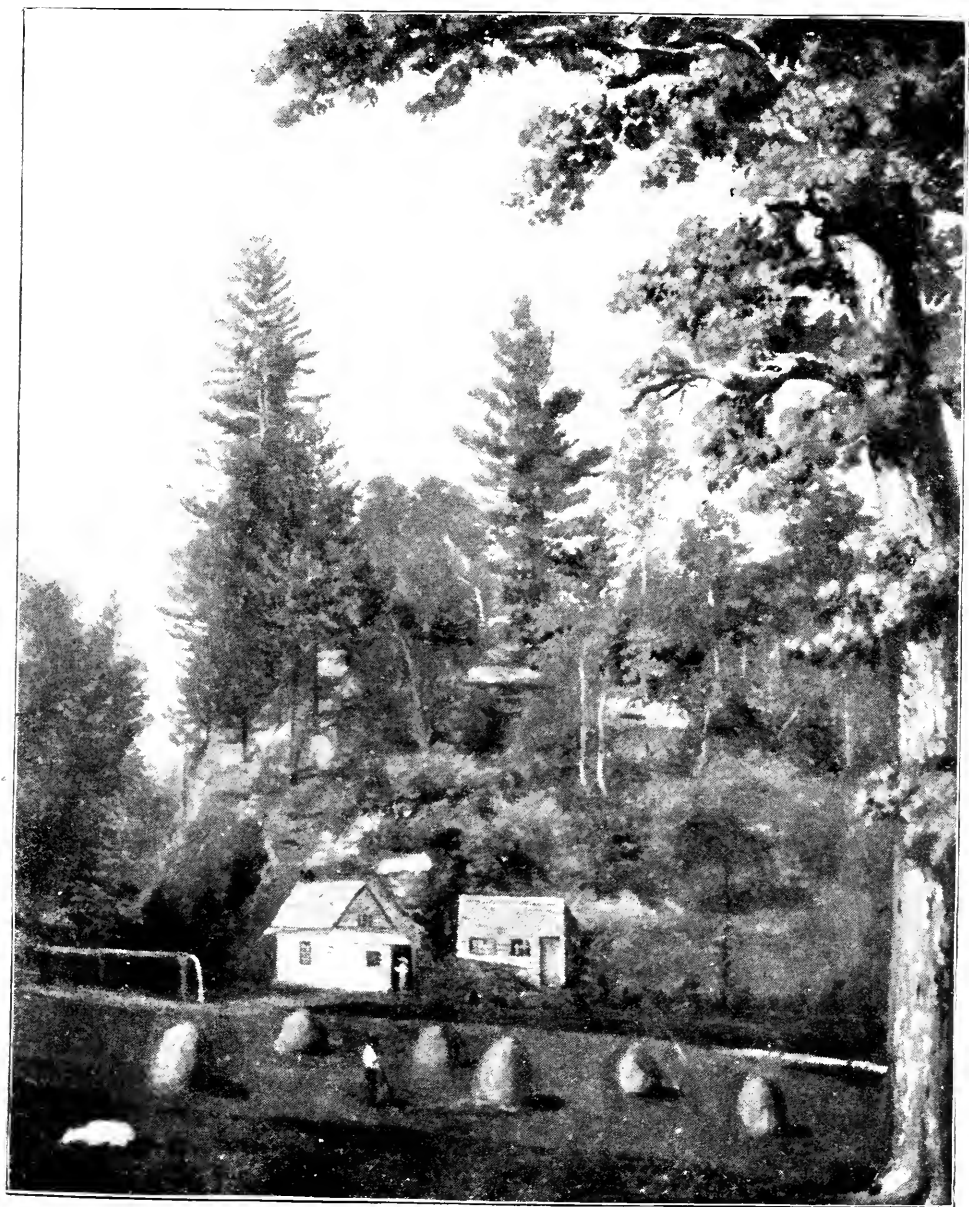


“AULD GEORDIE.”

“Man, there a shoogar maple!”

The speaker was one of two men, both somewhat gray, and both counting the “land o’ cakes” as their birthplace, that were sauntering up the little valley leading from the Caledonia mill to the eastern boundary of Sauk Co., and he had stopped for the hundreth time to admire or criticise some natural object, in a spirit of perfect frankness, and, let it be said, of strongest conviction. His rather negligent dress was dusty-white with toll from many grists, his hands were thrust part way into rather inadequate breeches pockets, and he walked very erect, only inclining his head slightly to glance down at the foot of the sapling under inspection, and quickly poising it again on his broad shoulders at the accustomed angle, as his eye roved up the trunk to the topmost twig. The critical and at times petulant remarks bestowed on the mill race they were following up, proclaimed him the miller, even without the testimony of his dusty hat, coat and shoes.

His companion was a smaller man—perhaps a little below the medium height—and though he impressed you with the uprightness of his bearing, there was no conscious effort to look up in the faces of his taller neighbors, which so often renders a little man, especially if he happens to be stout, so irresistibly comical. His dress was unobtrusive—rather dark than light—and faintly suggested the city as his usual residence, which



THE GLEN—AULD GEORDIE'S.

was true enough. He was thinking of changing the town for the country, however, and the miller was his guide to a romantic property situated half a mile higher up on the stream that supplied the mill. Midway of their journey lay the mill pond, the dam partly spanning the valley at its throat not much larger than a good sized beaver embankment, but perhaps large enough if it were not for the sudden freshets, and the constant burrowing of the muskrats. Above and to the west of it stretched forty acres of land almost ready for the plough, covered with hazel brush to the south where the ground was lowest, and with small oak, poplar and hickory to the north. A few patriarchal white oaks, and at least one tall sugar maple, rising high above the underbrush, live in the memory of that time. It is now all cleared, all except one fine shagbark hickory, that still tempts some venturesome squirrels from the woody bluff to the south of the mill stream, in nut time.

The adjoining property to the west is the destination of the travelers, and as they round the gentle spur of a hill on their right, they find that the stream is again with them; slipping, gurgling and murmuring along the border of a small marsh, at the head of which is the rocky glen, narrow at the mouth and fringed on one side with white pines, that constitutes the romance and attraction of the place. Hard by its mouth and almost edging the stream stood a tiny two-room habitation, and in the side of the hill conveniently close to it, the semi-dugout workshop of its tenant and owner. Nobody was to be seen as the miller and his friend approached, and the former volunteered the information that "Geordie's tremendous hard o' the hearin'; Kirsten tapped the door one day enough til wake the dead, and Geordie worked through it a'."

The house was duly assailed with knuckles and voice, but was as deaf as its absent master. A search around about discovered him stooping down at the stream washing some wheat. With many grunts he straightened up to a good six feet—and then was bent like a bow—and he invited them in. He had to stoop still more to enter his own doorway to the “leanto,” yet the door opened even with the eaves. This part of the house was of lumber, but the main room or building—the “ben”—was built of oak logs. The city-bred man noticed with surprise that the hermit had been reading Gibbons’ “Decline and Fall,” but though he seemed a great reader, his memory was poor; and on allusion being made to Goldsmith’s masterpiece, he replied,

“The Vicar o’ Wackfield, Oh aye, Smollet wrote that.”

After a while he proposed to show them the glen, and they passed out at the side door next the shop, past a clump of basswoods guarding the entrance, and then the cool suck of air from the springs, and the rocks, and the deep shade was felt in their faces, and they stood in fairyland. At their feet lingered the stream, flecked with stray sunbeams that filtered through the branches overhead; full of wonderful brown, and gray, and leafy reflections from the rocks and ferns; leisurely spread out over the shallows, gamboling over the pebbles and boulders, edging under the overhanging sandstone cliffs with their adamantine substratum of conglomerate, throwing up against the rocks in quaint reflection, the trembling golden-shimmer of its ripples and undercurrents. The eye travels upward to the rocks—a seventy foot wall; the pines—a hundred feet more; and—and then the blue. This is on the right side as you go in; on the other—more sloping, but still pre-

cipitous—what plant of our woods I wonder does not grow there! Father John “botanized” over 300! In earliest spring the purple, and white, and rose-tinted *hepaticas* and the *sanguinaria*, later the trillium, the columbine, the shooting-star, the man-in-the-pulpit, and the Dutchman’s breeches; all the ferns and mosses; and a bewildering miscellaneous green crop, or succession of crops, that only a skillful botanist could classify; and even he, if pastured out with but twelve yards of line, would be long in reaching the end of his tether.

Turning from inanimate to animate nature, yonder broods a pewee on its mud-moss nest, perched on a ledge beneath the overhanging cliff; the water thrush dashes along the bed of the stream with waggling tail and elfin song; the king-fisher has a nesting-hole in the sand bank where the sheer, rock-wall of the glen ends; and the tiny ruby throat or his plain throated mate has two tiny white eggs no bigger than peas, in a nest made of lichens and gossamers, hidden away somewhere overhead.

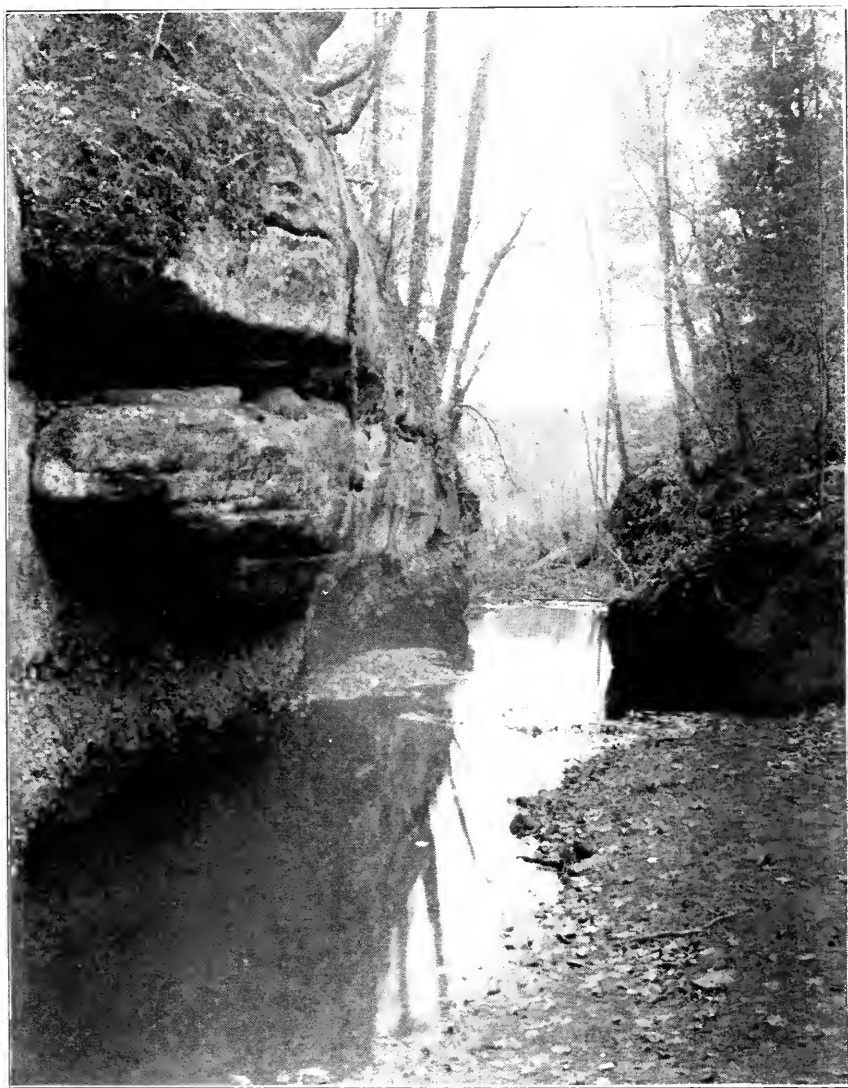
But our party is almost out of sight, I must follow them.

I do not know whether they advanced so far that the rocks on the right were left behind and the “weeping ledge” (a dripping, moss-covered projection above the stream on the left) was reached, whether they caught sight of the picturesque overshot wheel of a primitive shingle mill on the last lynn, whether they were silent as the rocks or garrulous as the stream; but they finally returned to the cabin, and the city-bred stranger asked the beetle-browed hermit if he would sell. Old George said, “No,” but, doubtless to temper its abrupt finality, continued by saying that he had been “a hewer of wood and a drawer of water” for relations since he was a boy,

but that here he "could live in independence." And so they left him to his soaked wheat and solitude, the miller returning to his mill, the stranger to his city toil and cares.

But the leaven of a new idea had been successfully hid in "Auld Geordie's" mind, and the more he turned it over the more his hopes and schemes (who is without them) expanded. If he could only retain six acres, the rest would still be his to look at, and with the price of the balance he could build a fine new house, he would not need to work so hard, he could have doctors treat his eyes and ears, he could almost be young again. Perhaps he might marry, who knows. The kindly miller forwarded the redecision to his friend of the town, and a bargain was struck.

Thus it came to pass that a family of seven persons—the children all boys or young men—found a home in the log house on the stream level; and the two youngest soon grasped wild nature with both hands, and thrust their bare feet into her, getting mired in the marsh and wet in the brook as healthy children will, to their own infinitē satisfaction, and Mamma's more or less indulgent disapproval. They pried into the secrets of planting and reaping, made their first garden on a warm, sandy bank where the cutleaved violets and the snake-weed blossomed as "true blue" as ultramarine and sky-tint could make them; dug up their seed beans every day to see if they were ever going to sprout, and then pulled up as weeds the few that did manage to get above ground; gathered nut-galls and thorn-apples, June berries, oak-apples, blood-root (for decorative purposes Indian fashion) and all the time became more leaf-wise and bird-wise as the long summer days went by.



THE GLEN—LOOKING OUT.

Across this vision of wood and stream unfolding to the youngsters' eyes, passed at uncertain intervals the bowed form of the hermit. He lingered on the outskirts of their little playday world, regarded with awe when actually seen, yet dropping out of remembrance when removed from sight. To be sure his brand-new frame house was only a rifle shot away, but the youngsters rather shunned it except when sent there on an infrequent errand. What attraction could an old man and his empty house have for children with nature's exhaustless picture book of trees and flowers unfolding its leaves on every side? And then their baby sister came; that widened their experience and mental outlook, while it narrowed and circumscribed their roving fancy. The first year baby was to be viewed with wonder and much speculation. Next year the little toddler's steps must be accompanied and guarded; the brook, the patch of *rhus toxicodendron*, the quaking bog, the precipitous brink, the doubtful wild berry, all must be given a wide berth. This all leaves "Old Meah" as the children called him, mostly to himself.

Old Mearns was not like his friend the miller, he would not argue a point. The man who too minutely explained just how he wanted a certain piece of work done, was likely to be curtly advised to go elsewhere, and any expostulation would be received in preoccupied silence, while George busied himself at something else. He was deaf to all further discussion, once he had said "No" to any project, and would deign no further notice. It was even this way with his friends, for once his antipathies were aroused he was simply unapproachable, first or last. Two of those who had unluckily incurred his dislike but were unaware of it, asked leave to sharpen their axes on his grindstone. Those times, be it remem-

bered, the blacksmith was usually the possessor of the only grindstone in the neighborhood, and by a custom born of necessity, all used it; though permission was always asked, and usually granted, with the greatest good will. George either took no notice of the request or silently motioned them to the stone, I forget which, but certainly did *not* supply the very necessary information that as the machine was a home-made one of "free-stone," no water should be used. He quietly allowed them to dip water from the stream near by and apply it and their axes to the stone; and when it crumbled down under the treatment, he remarked in caustic triumph,

"You've done for it noo."

Thus, though he was anything but a malicious man, he suffered the loss of his laboriously made grindstone, to have the strange satisfaction of letting two young men that he thought were "fules" confound themselves. His charges for work—though he tolerated no "dickering" or "haggling"—were very modest, and his honesty was never questioned; indeed he never raised his prices to correspond with the inflation caused by the Civil War. I would be tempted to think he never knew that prices had gone up, except that he put himself on record as to the advanced price of calico. Two of the boys saw him acting strangely, and on running up, found a smouldering spot of fire on his person which he smelt, but was unable to find, as his eyesight was now failing rapidly. After the fire was extinguished, surveying his nondescript and much bepatched clothes, no single piece of which showed its original color, he gravely remarked:

"It'll be no doo to loss cotton, its very dear the noo."

He had, in common with most solitary persons, a great faculty of making all his appliances and not depending on the labor of other men. The shakes on the roof

of the log cottage, the large-headed wrought-iron nails that studded its doors, were all the result of his own patient industry, and he rather scorned to buy anything he could make, though at twice the cost. In addition to making his own shingles, and grindstone, and rat-trap, and nails, he made his own charcoal as well. Our youngsters looked with considerable interest on those queer, dome-shaped sod structures (very like an Exquimaui's "ingloo") that he fired it in, and when the smoke came piping out of the burrow-like entrance, they, hidden in a neighboring thicket, unseen, but seeing with wonder-wide eyes, whispered to each other under their breath, "Meah's 'telcole' is burning," just as if it had been a volcano in action. When through the smoke they dimly saw the tall stooping figure, they took to their heels.

But retreat was not always possible. At twilight one evening they met him in a narrow lane. He carried a huge old-fashioned fowling piece behind his back supported by both hands, and, bent more double than usual, was peering into the semi-obscurity of the path before him. As they could not escape, and as there was an older brother with them, they bade him good evening and asked after his game. They told him eagerly that there were some partridges "budding" in the birches a little way back, but it did not excite him.

"I dinna disturb the petrucks, they fly too high, it's the rubbuts I'm after," and he slowly passed on.

He abhorred idleness and looked askance even at the leisurely. "None o' your idle set here" was his proud boast, and though his fingers were beginning to lose their cunning, and he was obliged often to say, "I canna wauld such sma things," yet he hammered away at his "cooman iron and swaddish iron" (Swedish or Russian),

and worked in wood of his own cutting and seasoning almost as hard. He was methodical and orderly, no tool could be displaced on his bench without his noticing it, and straightway he replaced it where it belonged. No man was more full of gratitude to his few friends, even for the most trifling favors, but he could never get over early prejudices and antipathies. If asked his age, he would turn away offended, and not speak to you for days, and he bemoaned the sudden death of a neighbor by saying: "It'll be an aufu loss to me; he used to mend my clock for naethin'!" The muskrats, woodchucks, squirrels, and some of the wild birds, annoyed him terribly eating his corn and vegetables in the garden and cellar, and he was at his wits ends to circumvent them. "They wark at it as a reegular trade," he once said to the sympathetic miller, at the same time running out and hurling a stone at some unusually bold offender. The muskrats and woodchucks he tried to trap, but his home-made springs were so strong that the unfortunate culprits often escaped with the loss of a foot.

Along towards the last he got another queer notion—he would like to marry. Very deaf, his memory and eyesight both failing, his teeth gone, his hair requiring constant treatment to keep it black, and nearly ninety years of age, he invited the girls of the neighborhood to call on him, and perhaps in his innocence (for he was like a child in some things) thought he could have his pick and choice. It has been said that some shameless lassies did call, ate his sweetmeats, and then laughed in his face. Shame on them! whoever they may have been. I hope he got off the notion without having the awful conviction at last dawn on him that they would not have him.

Nine hard boiled eggs (like Joseph's coat, of many colors) reposed on the cupboard shelf, and three children whose ages were steps and stairs from two to eight years, after peeping at them for the twentieth time, with a proprietary admiration, had been packed off to bed: it was Easter eve. The excitement of it all had not yet left at least one pair of eyes, that staid persistently wide open in the darkness of the garret, busy with the dyeing processes—the chemistry of lichen and logwood chips, and onion skins—for the aniline package had not yet crossed the threshold of this little log home, where the tallow dip still disputed the inroads of kerosene, and the snuffers were periodically lost and found with the inevitableness of the seasons.

There had been first the choice of eggs; whether they should be dumpy or long shaped, big or little, even at both ends or pointed at one end and rounded at the other. All the boys as well as Papa had discussed this, some arguing for the greater strength of the pointed end, others citing the Roman arch in support of the rounded end. One thing was clear to the philosopher of eight, the big speckled one with both ends rounded was the best after it was broken. After they were boiled hard in the innocent vegetable dyes that were available, the purple and buff, and green, and mottled playthings were anxiously examined for cracks, and then the children were fain to take alternate choice, though of course not for "keeps," and without handling. Great was the interest in the game. The one that had first choice could of course get the "terrible precious-est," but that was somewhat counterbalanced by the unwilling acceptance of the last one, according to the unique formula 1 2 3, 3 1 2, 2 3 1; and as quick as they got through, they generally agreed to try it over

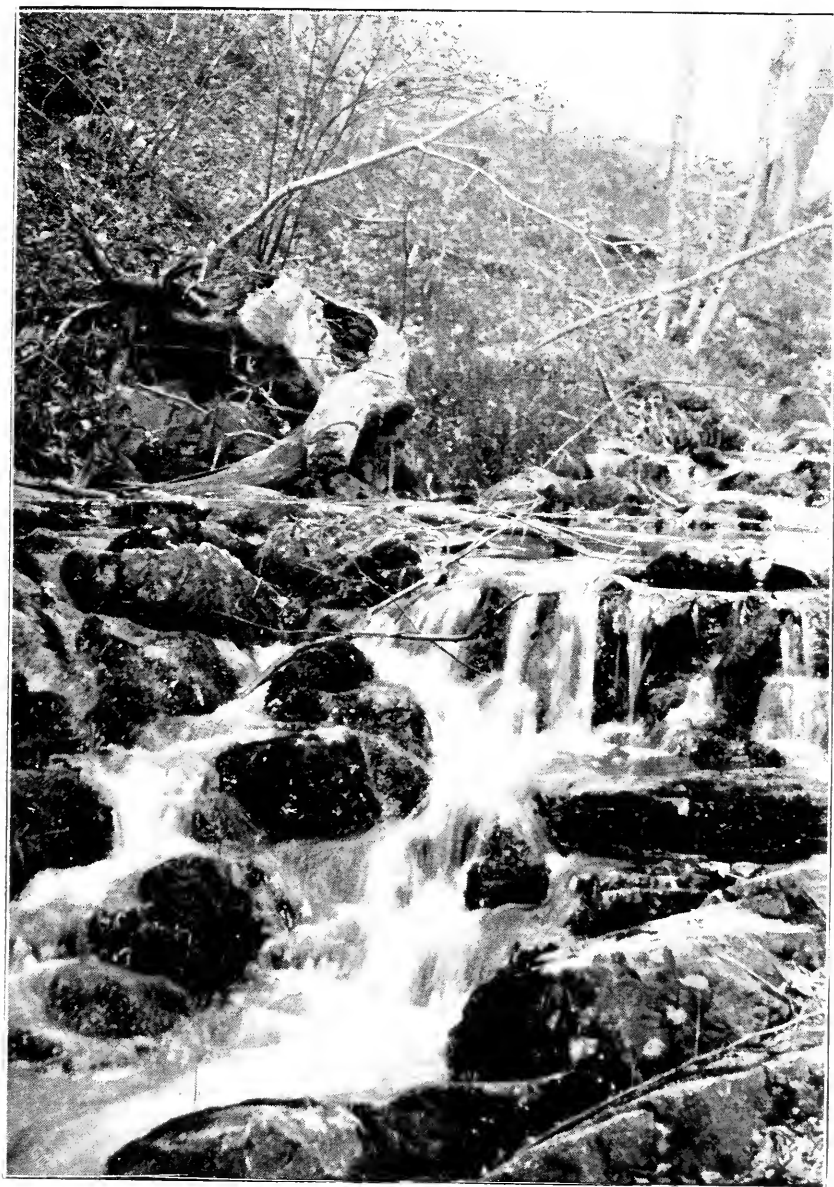
with a change all round. Thus it happened that each one in the course of the afternoon had had imaginary possession of *all* the eggs in turn, and the momentous question was still undecided at bed time.

The prospect of even last year's grass to toss the eggs on was also a source of speculation with the wakeful youngster; as there was still much snow in the woods, and only a wee bit of sandy lawn had been partially cleared of snow, with the aid of a shovel first, and the sun afterward. Perhaps it would be more fun to toss eggs on the bed, or at the fast vanishing straw pile. As he found it impossible to decide and was getting drowsy, he muttered, "I'd take the big speckled one first grab," and went to sleep.

The storm had come up against the wind with rumble and flash, and when overhead it seemed to go no further, but after a few appalling volleys, started to drown itself out in one supreme downpour. Mamma, listening to the wild ado outside, heard a gurgling presence in the chamber, and found the icy snow broth rushing by the bed. The brook, confined by the gorge above, was pouring through the house. The sleepers were hurriedly aroused, and dressed by the lightning. Jimmie had put his socks on the mat by the fire to dry, but when he jumped on it as the only dry floor in sight, it went down with him. Another urchin catching sight of the water from the top of the stair, cried out with the pessimistic instinct that has since distinguished him;

"O we're all killed, we're all killed."

A refuge was found in the little smithy on the hillside, where the household goods from the ground floor were stored, the men-folks carrying on the work of rescue until even some grain in a bin was shoveled



BLOCKLOCKS FORCE.

up out of the water and saved. The inside of the house was a queer sight at this time. The cellar trap door floated open on its hinges, and a confused medley of carrots, beets, onions and turnips was vomited out, while the rats, drowned out of their holes, clung desperately to the grain bags, and had to be knocked off into the water.

How fared "Auld Geordie" this while? His house, lower down the valley was also close to the stream, and he was too deaf to be awakened by the tumult of the waters. Thinking he might be swept away house and all for want of a friendly warning, two of the boys, after the immediate personal peril was past, went down and aroused him.

"Mr. Mearns, Mr. Mearns," they howled, "you must get up, there's a flood."

A window was raised, and a night-capped head appeared with a vigorous grunt not expressible in writing, and the query,

"I dinna ken wha' it might be."

"It's me—John—" was bellowed back, "we thought you might drown, so we came to wake you."

"Oh aye, I'll gang and see aboot it."

He descended to the cellar and soon reported "Sax foot of water or thereaboot, but the foundation is weel and secure," winding up with a muttering, half-imprecation, half-warning to the "muskrats," and "ither folk, that might tend til their own business." The boys came away feeling rather foolish and crestfallen.

At length all the family were gathered in the smithy, the wet feet supplied with stockings through mother's forethought, and the night-watch commenced. It was really a merry affair for the younger ones after the

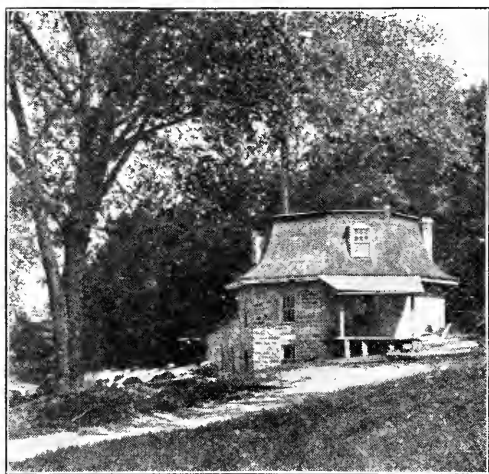
scare was over; lunch was eaten (some of the dyed eggs alas! that had been broken). "Ave Maria Stella" and other hymns were sung, and all pauses were filled with the grave tick-tack of the family clock, installed on "Old Meah's" work bench. The father, however, anxiously watched the old house until the water began to go down, as it had a sand foundation, and was expected to fall, if the soil washed out from beneath the corner next the stream. A solidly corded wood-pile, and a clump of basswood trees, had fortunately stood between the water debouching through the narrow neck of the glen and the house, or it would have been doomed.

The sudden freshet had been caused by the warm thunder shower melting the snow on the hills. The water collected in the ravines and on the fields, and, the ground being frozen, quickly ran off to the stream. It was sixty feet wide below the mouth of the glen. When the dawn came, the yeasty stream had lowered considerably and was again confined by its banks, but was breaking over the bridge connecting the house with the studio and stables. When it was light enough, and after due deliberation on the condition of the bridge, all crossed over on the wrecked timbers, and the sleepy ones went to bed at sunrise in the studio. Nothing was lost in the flood but one of the eight-year-old's shoes, and the snuffers.

The waters went down to their normal flow and clearness, the old house was mopped out and dried out, and the family, and later on the rats moved in again, but not to stay, the house was small at best, the family was shooting up, and a bigger house had been built on a neighboring place, called "Wild Rose Farm." Before the present house was built on the Glen property, and the erstwhile farmers had returned, Mearns had given

up the notion of getting married, and confessed that his memory was so far gone that he could not remember over night what he had promised to do the next day. He returned to his relations in the east. The old log house and the little dug-out smithy were pulled down. In the roof of the former a quantity of copper pennies minted by local merchants as was then the custom were dislodged from a cranny among the shakes or long, hand-split oak shingles. Where do the pennies go? These have gone with the rest, but then they were given to the boys, and one of them at least feels guilty of carelessness, in this, and other ways. The indulgent reader has probably ere this identified the writer with that careless boy, and he will not be sorry; as a little indulgence will be very welcome. Boyhood recollections are a series of pictures in intense relief, devoid of "half-tone," and utterly unreliable as even connecting links in a continuous history. Only mature years can connect the facts of a personal knowledge with the knowledge of hearsay, or deduction, and make the whole live in the mind as a continuous narrative. There was a time—quite vivid if yet with a queer ghostliness about it—when Old Mearns really belonged in our landscape at the Glen, then a time when he was gone but inquired about, and a strange silence brooded over his house. Then the house itself disappeared and there only remained the cellar hole, still tenanted by the woodchucks, though they had to look elsewhere for their supply of garden roots, and this last transformation endures (woodchucks and all) unto this day. The last bone-hard oak lumber he wrested from the woods, the last stumps of the trees he felled, have disappeared. The marks of his chisel still pass for the imprints of prehistoric bears' tracks on a huge sandstone boulder

by the stream, but a grapevine is trellised on the site of his forge, and the oldest inhabitants of the woods and the streams have long since forgotten him.



UPHILL BEGINNINGS.

It was probably the first picnic that had been held in that wild place; a flat-topped rock served for table, and the "pictured" and scalloped cliff for background. It was also the first of May, and a little white statuette of the "Virgin Mother" the "Queen of the May" was niched above the limpid stream, and that most beautiful of all the Litanies commencing "We fly to thy patronage O Holy Mother of God" was chanted to the murmuring of the brook, and the silent astonishment of the birds. Then the feast commenced, appetite having long waited impatiently on opportunity among the younger picnickers. We culled no flowers to grace the spread, for the white trillium and the "pale heart flower of the rock" (*dicentra cucullaria*) nodded and blossomed beside us. We were seven, and were taking possession of the Glen, after a winter's sojourn almost if not quite within view of this promised land of rocks and streams. But four walls could not contain us to-day, and so, laden with the midday meal, we had invaded the solitude that was hereafter to be so close to our doors and hearts.

And so the family were safely housed with food and shelter in the log house by the Glen mouth, but it was ten miles to the nearest church, and mamma's heart was troubled. "We will build a chapel on the pine hill," said father, and straightway with the boys he brushed out a road to the summit, and John triumphantly announced that if they had no church they at

least had a road to it. Across the valley, on the southern face of the opposing bluff they next quarried and gathered together from the surface a heap of building stones of suitable size and quality—they were freestone—and thus was the little chapel of St. Mary's of the Pines commenced in the wilderness. But it takes money as well as stones to raise chapel walls, and mother still doubted; and even father could not deny that dollars did not grow on every bush in the woods. The site was there, the building stones were in abundance, and there was a road between them; even faithful old Nell that had brought us all the way from Milwaukee was still fit for harness, but alas! for the very necessary commodity that we all know is needed to "make the mare go."

One day a shadow darkened the cottage doorway, the shadow of a stranger.

"I hear you are going to build a church."

"Yes," father told him, "I am thinking of it."

"You are the very man to do it, you are neither Irish or German," meaning evidently that father on account of his nationality would be acceptable to both.

They walked up the hill together, and father unfolded his plans (or rather his hopes) to the attentive stranger.

"How large would you build?" Father named the size that he had thought of—a very modest one.

"That is too small," was the instant rejoinder.

"Now," thought father, "I wonder will *you* give ~~anything~~ to make it larger," but almost simultaneously with the thought came the stranger's dictum, "I will ~~give~~ **Two Hundred Dollars.**" That was a great sum in those days.

Bravo! the chapel walls (of more generous plan) will rise; noble patron, "May your shadow never be less!"



GUARDIAN OF THE GLEN



This was thirty years ago; I close my eyes and lo! the Old Stranger is himself a shadow—a recollection—but the chapel is there."

However, it did not come all at once. Father was urgently called back to his class-room in St. Francis Seminary; wild nature, that is here always encroaching on us, began to obliterate the brushed-out road and irrepressible young growths to shake hands across it; and even our stranger had not make good his word.

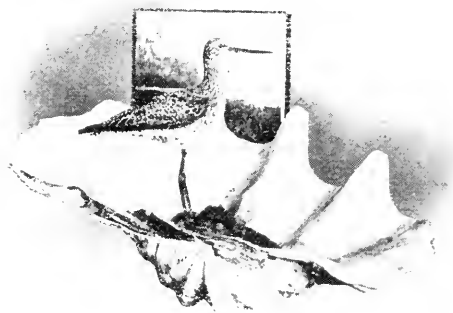
Were there those who winked, or grinned and said with the Indian: "White man very uncertain?"

It is more than probable.

But wait: Father returned with some urban subscriptions to the proposed chapel and the stranger fulfilled his promise.

Two priests, Fathers Petit of Portage, and Heiss, Rector of St. Francis and afterwards Archbishop of Milwaukee, had already said mass in the studio, and the project of a chapel had been noised abroad and talked about among the cottagers of the valley and the great stony ridge to the west, called at that time from the nationality of its residents the Irish bluff. The times were ripe for the undertaking, and father set the machinery in motion. A word to this one, and a message to that one and it was done; the men "rose a bee" to quarry and haul the stone. Bye and bye the sledge hammer and the crowbar were ringing among the rocks on the other side of the valley and round to the west of the Glen, and the humble believers from the countryside around were freighting building stone across the meadow and up the pine hill with their clumsy oxen and gaunt horses. The foundations were dug and the rude rubble walls began to rise. For their building home talent sufficed—Mr. Hamilton of the School Sec-

tion—but a carpenter, David Gardner, was imported from Milwaukce for the roof. Before these evidences of the fruition of father's hopes and mother's prayers the prospective congregation that rallied around St. Mary's contributed of their hard earned substance as well as of their work, and the walls were at last covered by a gothic roof, and mass was said for the first time by Father Thos. Keenan. Then the babies in arms came to the baptismal font, the children trooped to Sunday School, the old men met in grave committee as to ways and means. And then soon—so soon—these last, one, and then another of the little band, came for the last time over its threshold, and were laid to rest on the sunny southern slope; and the marble and granite monuments of the city of the dead began to gleam among the young pines, the veronica, and the turkey foot. “In the midst of life we are in death,” and by the side of the tabernacle for the living are the narrow cells of the dead.



SPRING VISITORS AT THE GLEN.

On the 7th of March, 1891, I returned "from the land of the white rabbit, from the falls of Minnehaha" to slightly misquote Longfellow. Seated behind the tough little ponies "Buckskin" and "Pet," I soon left the station in my rear. An unbroken trot of five miles down through the center of a narrow strip of prairie bordering the Baraboo river, brought us to a more rolling and less thickly settled country. Under a damp leaden sky I noted the dark purpling of the leafless oak-clad hills touched here and there with the misty grey-ness of a poplar grove, the acres and acres of white oak "grubs" or saplings still clothed in their summer garb of leaves but now moistureless and brown, while at intervals by the roadside fence, with its tangle of brambles and hazel brush, rose the gorgeous heads of the sumach fruit, bright as a summer bloom amid the winter's desolation. Just before entering the woods I met a wide-eyed and solemn youngster, who seemed to remember me, and ventured on a timid and rather involuntary sounding "hello"; a little farther on, from the last house, a savage dog rushed out and attacked the team. I remember feeling an insane desire for a shot-gun, revolver, or at least a good carriage whip, but I had none of them, and it was just as well, the dog soon went back--a neighbor's dog too. As I turned in at the well-known gate Pet slipped on the concealed ice and fell on her side; a warning I would have done well

to heed, as on descending the winding road into the Glen, we came to a nervous standstill on the brow of an icy incline impassible for either man or beast. The frightened but cautious ponies stood immovable in their tracks until I had freed them from the cutter and each other, when, leaving Buckskin to take care of herself, I dragged the other into the bushes by the roadside where the footing was safe. Buckskin essayed the descent, but was soon lying in a helpless heap on the glassy path, and had to be helped to a safer footing among the saplings, like her companion. The rest of the journey to the house I made on foot in the deepening dusk, leading the team and listening to the silence, that seemed to have descended on the valley like a deep fall of snow, unbroken by track or trace of movement and life. Not a note had I heard of either bird or wild animal, I had evidently arrived at the "Glen" in time to receive and welcome the "spring visitors" from their Southern sojourn.

On the 19th the cautious advances of the spring tempted me out and down the valley; the water was gushing in the sleigh tracks, and I saw two black snow-birds skulking along a fence row, also crows, shore larks, and blue jays, and heard the seemingly contented "*tea's ready*" of the chickadee. Everything seems waiting, the spring birds, the musicians, are not yet here. I began thinking of the old Indian sitting on a runway, chewing an ear of corn while waiting for the deer, and reflecting that if "he come not to-day he come to-morrow; come not to-morrow, maybe he come next day." The evening following in the damp dusk, I heard a throaty, croaking note, suggestive of chronic hoarseness, and looking up noted the headlong, zigzag flight

of a woodcock, Spring's first messenger racing north with the news. Next day alas! Winter's relaxing grasp tightened again, and I turned to the chickadees for comfort and entertainment. They stealthily congregate in a dense pyramidal spruce tree, one by one pop round the corner of the house to the back door-yard or "mid-din" in search of civilized dainties; regale themselves for a while, and then fly away in an opposite direction. A steady stream of bobbing, black-capped heads appear from the direction of the sheltering spruce, so I am led to believe they return in a circle and repeat their visit, always approaching from one side and disappearing at the other. The Nuthatches also appear these sharp, frosty mornings, investigating the woodpile in search of those big black ants that winter in the cavities of the large white oak trees, and are occasionally brought to light and destruction by the wood chopper's ax—ruthlessly thrust out, stiff and insensible, to be devoured, or perish in the snow.

What a quaint, subdued, monosyllabic conversation the male Nuthatch (distinguished by the blacker, silkier sheen of his crown and nape) keeps up with his wife on such occasions, contrasting sharply with the soft, well modulated, yet outspoken and ringing note emitted from the security of the tree tops, or the rollicking "Koy, yoi-yoi-yoi-yoi" one occasionally hears from the depths of the woods, strangely suggestive of a sportsman calling his dog. Nuthatches always interest me. Their trim individuality of appearance, their devotion to each other (the pair is inseparable throughout the year) their breezy unsophisticated saucy boldness or timid reserve, are alike charming. But they drift into the background in the summer whirl.

The 29th—Easter Sunday—opened with a burst of warm sunshine, and the song of the Robin and Blue-bird. The evening previous I had heard the voice of the Canada goose—the wandering “wabe-wa-wa”—sounding like a lost spirit from nowhere, as he groped around in the misty upper regions, but towards morning it must have cleared off, for I lay and listened to the muffled drum-beat of the partridge. I took a leisurely Sunday stroll beside our swollen trout stream; turbulent and muddy, quite unlike its normal limpid clearness, it must worry the life out of the speckled beauties, as there is no escape for them from this “Spring housecleaning,” they cannot move out until it is over. Budded marsh marigolds are pushing up their heads enquiringly through the marshy ooze of some of the springs, a hint that the season is late, they have been holding back their leaves for fear of a frost bite until the blossoms are now due. A driving equinoctial storm of wind and rain ushered in the 30th, and riding it high in air come the Blackbirds. I recognize them by their note, they fly too high for sight identification what with the sleet in one’s eyes, and the leaden sky for background.

What a tremulous tender trill is the song of the black snowbird! It comes like a ripple of distant sleigh bells, from out the dripping shrubbery, the voices of quite a number of intermittent singers chiming cheerily together. Their singing is evidently a community affair, no one bird singing for individual display. As the storm softened down to a warm drizzling mist, I ventured out inside a rubber coat, and noted the arrival of the song and fox colored Sparrows. A few subdued, uncertain notes from the first named could be heard mixed in with the tremulous concert of the snow-

Birds. Hard by the shrubbery that sheltered this busy crowd was a hairy Woodpecker, pounding away at a stump, paying not the slightest attention to me or any one else, perfectly absorbed in his task. Rudely disturbed, he flies a short way and alights with a sharp interrogatory "*chink*," or if he thinks he is driven off for good, retires with a number of "*chinks*," as much as to say "that settles it, that clinches the argument." He is an earnest, hard-working fellow; during a long acquaintance I have never known him to indulge in a moment's recreation, or foolish levity of manner.

The Blue Jay, on the other hand, has enough for two, yet I think his levity of manner the most charming thing about him. I think I have never done justice to his vocal powers, nor have others so far as I know. He is a many sided mimic, and I believe is quite conscious of his power, which he uses with singular discretion, considering that he is a thief and a rogue. He astonished and delighted me to-day with a striking imitation of the blood-curdling scream of the red-tailed hawk, which sent the hens in wild disorder to the shelter of a thicket, only to appear in his true voice and colors a moment later. I do not know why he uses his voice for our benefit so loudly or so often, unless he is a politician. Ah! it dawns on me—this last trick—it is the 1st of April! Well done, mocking spirit in blue! you have fooled both me and the chickens this time. The above date also brought me the mellow note of the meadow lark, and a glimpse of the chipping sparrow, though the snow still blankets the northern exposures, and lingers in patches about the valley and in the shrubbery.

The 2nd showed a varying sky, with the usual smiles and tears, though the latter were suspiciously like snow

flakes. The intermittent sunshine awoke into life a confused medley of sounds—hum of bees—the barking of squirrels—the Sparrows, Bluebirds, Robins, all softly trying their voices at once. How inadequately “bark” expresses the merry, mocking voice of the squirrel! “*Quacck, quacck, quacck quacck, quac,*” he seems to say to me, dwelling with lengthy emphasis on the last word, and I know of no sound that so quickly stirs the hunter’s blood within me. I saw his comical little brother the chipmonk or “fence mouse”—lean and silent but chipper and active—racing along the skirts of a clearing as if for dear life; he hugged the fence pretty closely and traversed twenty-five panels in less than two minutes. The bright eyed little “monk” was probably hungry after his long fast. I noticed he made straight for the foot of a grapevine, on which a few dried berries hung.

Two inches of a fall and still snowing, was the look-out for the 3rd—white desolation, the birds nowhere to be seen. I suppose they are housed under many a jutting rock and dense growth of evergreen, huddled into hollow trees and under fallen trunks and brush piles. With puffed out feathers and closed eyes, they may be dreaming of the South; or their active little brains may be planning how to procure warmth and food; perhaps they neither dream nor plan, who knows. We know so little, the wisest cannot yet tell us what instinct is. Last summer I was the amused spectator of a scene that should figure in the great controversy of instinct versus reason. Hearing the long drawn note of agony that escapes the domestic hen when in the deadly clutch of the weasel, I ran toward the sound, which brought me to the brink of the trout stream.

On the rather high and abrupt bank were ranged a row of hens, silent, and evidently paralyzed with fear or curiosity; while a rooster, with excited "*cuc-cuc-cate-cuc*," danced a furious break-down on the very verge; all parties evidently absorbed in the tragedy that seemed to be happening in the water. As I approached the same agonizing call, though much weaker than before, and the frantic efforts of an exhausted hen to mount the bank, caused me to think that some water animal had the hen's feet in its grasp, but I was mistaken. The hen had attempted to fly across the stream from a low bank to a high one, and not rightly calculating the distance and her obesity, had fallen into the water. There she stood! up to her neck, getting weaker every moment, and totally unable to mount the bank, even with the rooster's voluble encouragement, though she essayed it time and again. She did not seem to be aware that behind her lay the safety of shallow water and low beach.

A week of wintry weather, when I should be writing sunshine and the swallow, and the green mantle of nature. The birds that have arrived it is true are here, though silent and discouraged, but the tide of immigration has abruptly stopped. The winter wren greets me with cheerful impudence as I am helping to stack the winter's cut of stovewood, running in at the farther end of the pile with a high petulant note, and popping out noiselessly at my feet, to inspect me with fearless curiosity, and many a jerk of that funny little tail of his. I have noticed that some very small birds, seem lacking in that fear of man's presence, so noticeable in the larger ones.

The 10th awoke refreshed after the driving rain of yesterday and the night's more gentle weeping, the song sparrows are perched conspicuously at intervals down the valley in full song, the rush of water sounds from every ravine, the limp, drenched, last year's dead oak leaves distil diluted yellow dye, and though the mist hovers about the hill tops, we somehow feel that spring has really arrived. In my walk this morning I saw abundance of bluebirds, blackbirds, nuthatches, and robins, and heard the voice of the meadow and shore larks, arising from the valley pastures. As yet there is no sun, but the birds are all singing as with an assurance of fair weather at last. To-day (the 12th) the welcome sun shines steadily, the mourning dove is cooing, the leopard frogs grope languidly about in the muddy water of the brook, and I find clusters of hepatica buds pushing up through the scattered forest leaves. Their own have kept green all winter under the snow, lovely in their delicate tints and markings, and elegant outline. I put one in front of a bit of sensitive albumen paper and got a beautiful imprint, as clear-cut and wild as the impression of a squirrel's foot in the snow.

Warm showers on the 13th prove more spring-like than the unclouded sun itself, and have quite as effectively got the ear of the drowsy vegetation slowly throwing off its lethargic sleep, and the chipping sparrow is rendering the garden plat gay with music between drops. Among the new arrivals the Goldenwing and the Ruby-crowned Wren, have joyously announced their presence. What a hearty fellow the Goldenwing is! his ringing greeting is like the jolly laugh and vigorous hand shake of a big-hearted countryman—quite infectious. The Grass Finch is here too, and my ear is greeted with the petulant wailing voice of the yellow-

bellied woodpecker. The Water Thrushes arrived to-day (17th), and were hardly back in their old haunt, the thick copse bordering the brook, than they engaged as usual in a turbulent quarrel, interspersed with bursts of jeering melody. They are the most argumentative birds among our visitors, and are not lacking in emphatic gesture as well as voice, bobbing their heads and wagging their tails with great vivacity and perseverance. Another lively bird has just arrived—the Ground Robin, a male—I have not yet seen the female. I find on looking over these notes that I have some way overlooked the Pewees, though they have been here quite a while, for to-day I find them building. Have you ever noticed the pretty, solicitous utterance by which they give notice of the near presence of the nest?

The Sparrows are our song birds par excellence in this early part of the year. This morning (the 21st) the chipping, field, song, and grass sparrows are all in full song; while the white-throated (a new arrival) is busy scratching over the dead leaves in the bushes. The Chipping Sparrow's song is a delicate shake like that of the black snowbird, and may be described by "*che-he, he-he, he-he, he-he, he-he-he-he-he-he-he*." That of the Field Sparrow is very often mistaken for it, but may be distinguished by the gradually increasing speed with which it utters "*chca, chca, chca, chca, che-he, he-he-he-he-he*." The Song Sparrow has perhaps the most dramatic utterance, the climax of accent occurring on the third or fourth syllable.

While I sit writing, the strident, grating note of the belted kingfisher comes in at the door and seems to say "fish for dinner," but I also hear the kill-deer plover and it says "*decr, kill-decr*," so I do not know which it will be. I found two nests in progress of construction

to-day, a robin's and a chipping sparrow's, both in spruce trees. (22d) The small yellow blossoms of the moosewood and the white star of the *sanguinaria* greeted me on my ramble through the woods this morning, both welcome assurances that growth has commenced in earnest, and at 7:30 P. M. I heard the first Whippoorwill. The delicate umber of the bursting elm buds and the pink inflorescence of the soft maple begin to tell in the landscape. I think nothing is more attractive than this first tinting of the woods; even before the leaves come we have the brightening of the willows—beautiful bronzes, golden yellows, fine reds.

(23d) The English Sparrow arrived! found our retreat at last, and takes possession with the completest assurance. I watched him take up his station on the side of a lombardy, coolly stretch himself, and treat the "natives" to a long performance, half twitter, half rambling dialogue; but the residents took not the slightest notice of him except perhaps one field sparrow, that flew from where it was singing in the garden up to a few inches from where the visitor sat, and sang his rippling, sliding melody with delightful aplomb. The Cowbird (masquerading as a plain blackbird and without his wives) is seen occasionally flying over and on the tops of small trees; he does not settle down to family life until later. I begin to notice a slight subtle change coming over the woods, a delicate green hangs over the poplars and around the heads of the sugar maples, while the dead last-year's white oak leaves are dropping, loosened by the swelling of the buds. Every succeeding day at this season is a revelation of Nature's choice secrets, unfolding, growing. Though I hear him every night, the whippoorwill sings fitfully, two or three calls only, but he is relieved by the frogs and toads, that

are rehearsing their sing-song "water music" each night until I fall asleep. I have been noticing what I thought was a very persistent *hyla*, but it turns out to be only a squeaking bearing in the old pendulum clock of the fireplace! (28th) My Sparrow and my Pewee either have tired of their locations since I espied them, or else have concluded it was too early to build, for their nests have not progressed, but the Robin is laying. Right in among the bee-hives in the apiary I discovered a pair of Chickadees busy excavating a nest cavity in an old apple stump. I do not dare to investigate for fear of disturbing them, but they are down out of sight, and enjoying the prospect of housekeeping amazingly. They pop in and out alternately ten times a minute, and are feeling too elated to work long continuously. I had not observed them long when a bluebird appeared, and concluded to look the stump over, with a view to locating. Then there was war—noisy if not bloody. It called together an interested audience of jays, wrens, robins, chewinks, and plenty of sparrows. One chickadee staid in the hole and made it lively for the bluebird when it approached, while its mate carried on a vigorous warfare in the rear. They routed him after a while, but I fear it has disgusted them with the neighborhood, for the stump was empty next day.

Last of April, and

"The swallow has come, the swallow has come,
O fair are the seasons, and light
Are the days that she brings
With her dusky wings,
And her bosom of snowy white."

The bosom of this our first visitor is not very snowy, however, for it is the cliff swallow; the barn swallow

of the "snowy bosom" does not arrive until later. The pendant twigs of the grey birch are loaded all up the valley with golden-brown tassels—a glorious wealth of them—the treetops looking like ringletted heads of sunny auburn hair. May the 1st, after some gardening I celebrate the perfect weather by a long walk in the growing woods, and find the rose-breasted grosbeak celebrating also, in leisurely, mellow vocalization. I start two passenger pigeons in the deep woods, sole remnant of the unnumbered multitudes that used to throng these woods some few years ago on their way farther north in the spring, and scoured them again in the autumn searching for acorns. I can not believe that the busy bustling crowds are all dead, yet where are they? Have our woods grown distasteful to them? Who can tell. At least it is not for want of food, for the acorns ripen as formerly, and rot unheeded on the ground.

(May 5th) Quite a frost last night, the *dicentra spectabilis* and the tender perennials are bowing their heads, some of them never to raise them again I am afraid, while even the red clover fields show a slightly wilted expanse under the bright sun this morning. The oven bird that several days ago made the woods ring with his emphatic utterance, has been chilled into silence, like most of the other songsters that are now with us. The mother pewee broods on five pearly-white eggs in her moss nest under the bridge, the robin ditto on five blue-green ones in the mud-masonry among the spruce twigs; they must be chilly.

(7th-8th) Another warm burst, and with it the scarlet tanager, black and white creeper, brown thrush and wood thrush arrive. The notes of the last named are tinkling through the dim, indistinct woods as I



WOOD THRUSH.

write, sometimes the song, sometimes the mellow protesting utterance well-known to all who seek the wood thrush in its haunts, and investigate its nesting. The thistle bird appears to-day in a yellowing coat, he will soon be the yellow bird or goldfinch. I have recognized him through the winter by his flight and song, and will be glad to welcome him in his summer suit to his place in the landscape. The woods are wearing a woolly cloak, touched with an endless gradation of soft tints, reminding one of the downy hooded garment the fond mother is wont to wrap around her darling, and the new arrivals crowd on me so thick that I fail to recognize them all. Wilson's thrush, the catbird, indigo bird, oriole, redheaded woodpecker, vireo, chestnut-sided warbler, yellow throat, and a multitude of other charming little warblers are peopling the Glen with a peaceful tenantry, among which it is pleasure to dwell. Four new nests to-day—two more robins and two sparrows, also a genuine surprise in the discovery of the song of the white throated sparrow; a clear flute-like piping treble almost exactly like the leisurely "*tea's ready*" of the chickadee in pitch and timbre, but much longer and more varied, with an apparent drop of a major third towards the end, the whole something like "*tcc-tcc-tcc-tcc-tcc-tcc-tcc-tcc-to-day*." I have been crediting it to the chickadees for some time, and wondering at the increasing variety. The song that has been generally credited to the redstart, I to-day traced to its rightful owner the golden-winged warbler. The syllab'es "*tcc-tcc-æhcc*" the first one slowly and the last two rapidly, give some idea of the rythm, but the tone has the peculiar vibratory burr of the tree toads and some insect voices. Last and not least, though in no sense insignificant, comes the "ruby throat" and I feel that our circle is

complete. It is true that I have not exchanged regards with all of our visitors, but I know they are here, and enjoying themselves. Some, like the purple martin, are too urban in their tastes to visit us thus early after their arrival, others find the swamp and river bank more congenial, while the swallows (white bellied, barn, cliff and bank) find no nesting places here, and only show themselves in the evening skies during their insect hunting flights from the larger adjacent valley. As I close my record the chimney swallows—three of them—come racing up the valley on giddy wing and with much chippering, to make a proprietary survey of the chimney they usually occupy and then chase each other crazily down the valley again. Music and lovemaking fill the long day, and soon each feathered pair will boast a cozy house, built with a single circular wall, and lighted artist fashion from the sky.



A HARDWOOD ROMANCE.

"Yes sir; that there load of wood is six dollars, and worth it too."

I was standing in the wood market of a "driving" western town, a sufficiently driving snow storm was on, and before me stood a goodly load of hard maple billets, just the right length for my stove; which, when I left it a few minutes before, was trying to turn a last water-logged chunk of half-rotten birch into heat.

But between me and that coveted load of wood stood the lean countryman in his tattered wolfskin great-coat and uncouth woolen extremities, repeating, and sticking to his first-named price.

Was he romancing?

Not at all; the wood was dry; the sap of romance was long since gone out of it, and he, poor man, no doubt needed the money. We finally compromised, he agreeing to carry it upstairs as I was not well, and he was anxious to get home out of the storm.

I heaped my smouldering fire with fresh fuel, and as the warmth began to reach me, my thoughts prepared to drift off without my benumbed five senses, into that summer land that always lies before and behind us even in winter. A whirling gust of the December storm in the chimney suddenly blew a puff of smoke in my face from the battered stove, and lo! it brought the pungent odor of the sugar-bush fire, and the flavor of its luscious product to my memory; the romance

still lingering in the dry maple firewood after all. Pictures and stories of sugar making always have an especial interest for the young with their unfailing predilection for sweets; and well I remember that long before my personal experience went further than the adulterated cakes of the confectioner, and the delicious birch-bark packages of soft sugar flavored reminiscently of the wigwam, I romanced in my own fashion about the maple grove. It is true the only help I got from the picture book was misleading. There, a majestic maple tree appeared clothed in its summer suit, also with a large spout protruding from its trunk, adown which coursed a torrent of sap, into a brimming ten-gallon tub, that was about to be removed by two negroes! This unique illustration appeared in an excellent magazine published in the fifties by Alex. Montgomery at 17 Spruce St., N. Y. Well, times and customs, and some say even nature changes; (yet not to this extent let us hope) anyway, observation is not confined to the draughtsman and scribe nowadays.

But come with me to the real enchanted grove, the veritable sugar-bush of my boyish recollections, where my shoes took on the curious tinge of lacerated beef-steak around the edges through much crunching of the crusted snow, when I got jolly wet feet, and consequently many a curtain lecture from Mamma, but had nevertheless a glorious good time. This, too, is a chronicle of the Glen; and the "Bush" lay along the swampy borders of a small creek to the South that had cut its way through the marsh muck down to a foundation of rough boulders, among which it twisted and gurgled and fretted, its murmurings plainly heard beneath its covering of snow and ice. Towards spring in February or March, when the bright warm sunshine com-



MAKING MAPLE SYRUP.

menced to tempt the sap into the outside fibres of the gnarled and shaggy maple trunks, a sheltered spot on solid ground conveniently near to the center of the "bush" was selected, and a large iron kettle swung on a pole between two crotched trees or posts. Around this center of operations a large assortment of dry fallen timber for fuel was gathered, and then, armed with battle ax and tapping iron, we gaily commanded the trees to yield us their liquid sweetness. On the sunny side of the trunk at a convenient height from the ground (I should say snow) a slanting incision was made with the ax, and underneath where it came to a point at the lower corner, a thin splint or spout of basswood was fastened with the aid of a chisel or gauge, to guide the trickling life blood of the wounded tree into the trough or pail set below to receive it. In old times a round billet of black ash about 30 inches long was split in two, and the halves hollowed out like a "dugout" canoe to receive the sap, but more progressive and less industrious youngsters suggest the use of milk tins, stoneware jars and bottles, and wooden pails, borrowed temporarily from the dairy. As the sap accumulates the trees are visited, and the clear, sickly-sweet liquid is placed over the fire to evaporate its surplus moisture. Towards night as the sun descends and the air grows more chilly the trees stop running, and then the evaporation or "boiling down" of the sap already collected is pushed briskly on, so as to be "sugared off" if possible the same night. Often have I sat by the camp fire, heaping it up at intervals, and listening to the owls; the stars twinkling brightly through the leafless branches overhead, and the cold slowly creeping down my back, as I waited for the syrup to thicken sufficiently for sugaring off in the house.

This is the crowning event of the day. All gather around the stove and watch it froth and boil. At first it is rather inky, with a whitish froth, then it becomes a creamy bubbling mass of a rich changing brown. A cup of fresh milk is added to clear it of superfluous coloring matter and other impurities, which unite with the milk and are skimmed off as they boil to the surface. Now it begins to snort and bubble as it thickens, while its warm delicious fragrance is wafted through the room; it has to be stirred more vigorously to keep it from burning—then all at once it is into grainy, sand-like sugar; a fit mouthful for a king. But he would burn his tongue if he were at all greedy, for nothing is quite so hot I think as maple sugar just off the fire, and still molten and juicy. But then it is just the sweetest morsel my mouth has ever tasted, except some things commencing with K that I will not further particularize for fear of making the girls angry.

This is the "merry go round" of sugar making. Day after day the sap runs if the sun is warm and bright and the nights frosty, and every evening sees its "warm sugar social," and Mamma's store of sugar cakes and dry or "stir" sugar goes on increasing. Sometimes a warm rain would set in and the trees would run all night and the product be wasted, or the family cow, with the roaming restlessness of the spring weather on her, would steal from tree to tree eagerly drinking the sap 'till she was likely to burst; once I remember the ground cleared of snow and I went to gardening while still the sap gushed out; eventually a drying south wind parches up the wound in the tree, and the sugar season is over. Not till we have learned, though, that sweet can always turn to sour (maple sap no better than men's tempers in this regard) for a keg of vinegar

usually winds up maple sugar operations. It is very simply made. Sufficient sap is reduced by boiling to one sixth its original bulk, and then left to turn sour. It is the finest, and also the only *safe* clear vinegar in existence. When I think of its flavor, it makes the sugar taste sweeter by comparison.

This is my own and younger brother's experience; father and the older boys first tapped our little grove when I was only old enough to look on; that is, during the day; at night I believe I was able to assist without any disabilities on the score of youth. This first camp was on the bank of a little oozing spring, that all winter long kept the ground soft and miry, and tempted a few green things to show quite early. A length of common stovepipe, flattened out and turned up at the edges and luted with rags and clay at the corners, was their evaporator; and was mounted on a rude firebox of mud and stones. Close by stood a giant basswood, the tallest I have ever seen. It was hollow, and had an opening on the camp side sufficient to admit a man standing, and was used as a shelter for the guns and axes, together with the writer when he was caught in camp during a flurry of rain or snow. The tapping iron was an ancient one, borrowed from a farmer that had used it in Canada. It was just a large gouge. The spouts were split with it from a billet of dry basswood or butternut, and then with a very little dressing they easily fitted into an incision made with the same tool underneath the ax gash, that collected the sap from the tree. All the trees were named after rivers and waterfalls; Niagara, Minnehaha, one with a very black trunk the Niger, another the Rapidan, still another the Ganges. The visitors at the camp were plentiful, and all expected some

"sweetening"; and in exchange they gave their advice, and manifold experiences in Canada and Vermont. No doubt they all had something to say at the expense of the makeshift evaporator, yet the boys could truly say in the words of a neighbor, "It was not of much account, Jimmie, but it served my turn," for before the March winds and sun had parched up the last freshening cut of the ax, and the saccharine juices of the tree had started the buds to swell, a hundred and twenty-five pounds of sugar, unadulterated and brown, was found to the credit of the insignificant pieces of sheet iron.

The maple tree not only gives us of its life-blood to sweeten our acetic (not ascetic) lives, but it often houses its only rival in the world of wild sweets—the honeycomb. When its heart has become hollow with old age and dry-rot, such cavity is often discovered by the advance agents of some vagrant swarm, and ten thousand sweet-makers straightway turn it into a honey-house. Such a repository is called a bee-tree, and the discovery of one is a thrilling chapter in our hardwood romance. That inquisitive investigator, audacious inventor, and cheerful money-grubber, the Yankee, with his rules and regulations and manifold appliances for the delectation or bewilderment of civilized bees; with his centrifugal force in harness for the magic extraction of honey, and his "foundation" to tempt to greater industry, has very much cheapened in more ways than one, the sweet product of the hive; but a piece of wild honey-comb is still as romantic, as in the days of John the Baptist, as well as a luscious morsel, and my first experience of wild honey and the bee-tree was in my early youth. Close by a well-used wood-road leading to the Glen property, and within a few rods of the line, stood a large, slightly leaning, hard maple, that in

"Auld Geordie's" time was the butt of every passing woodman's ax, as its well hacked trunk bore eloquent witness. Some one of the boys with quicker ear than the general passer, on striking his ax according to custom into the trunk, noticed a muffled hum; and investigation proved that the tree was tenanted by bees. It was allowed to stand until the fall, and then the owner of the land and the fortunate discoverer, with their relatives and friends, felled it in the starlight, and pillaged the queen-ruled citadel of sweets. If I remember rightly, a tub, a wash-boiler, and several pails, were needed to hold the broken comb, which was evidently the accumulation of years.

I next had the subject brought to my notice when, many years after, I paid a visit to the old home. Within a gunshot of where the old bee-tree stood, my sister and brother had baited some beautiful Italian bees, but though they knew their home was somewhere in the vicinity, they had so far failed to find it. As I had plenty of leisure and quite a fund of curiosity, I decided to "line" them, and discover the tree. When a small piece of honeycomb was exposed in the vicinity, it would soon be spied by some prowler, who quickly loaded up, and returning home announced the discovery, and then with many companions hied back to the welcome find. A constantly increasing number of bees would then fly back and forth between the tree and the bait, until every drop of honey was transferred to the tree, so its general direction could quite easily be determined by their flight. I caught a few of them, placed them in a tumbler, and started up along the line, letting one go at intervals to see which way it would fly. Sometimes I would halt and give the prisoners a feed, and then release them; feeling sure they would return with

companions to my last bait. I traveled in this way along the line until it led me straight into the deep forest and I lost it. Returning to my first starting point, I again gathered the bees, secured a tumbler full, and transferred them to the other side of the wood in which the tree was supposed to be. I fed them and turned them adrift, only to have them return with weak and staggering flight—they had not been able to find their line. They finally fell down exhausted around me, and soon died. I must have brought them to a locality that they were unacquainted with; it was, I remember, an isolated field, dropped down as it were in the midst of thickly wooded hills. It was once the small holding of a petty farmer, but he had moved out into the broader civilization of the prairie lands, and his homestead was relapsing back into primitive wilderness, a frolic ground for the fox and the rabbit.

But to return: the bee-tree must be near the border of the woods I first approached, so after baiting them there and noting the exact direction of their flight, I moved to one side with a few bees, and having fed them, established a cross line, and at the intersection of the two lines found the tree. They were beautiful yellow Italians, very gentle and intelligent, but without winter stores—literally starving. My brother gave them a modern hive for their future home, and fed them through the months of cold with white sugar syrup, to be rewarded with three fine swarms in the season of clover bloom, and the establishment of a long line of quiet and industrious descendents.

THE BIRD CHOIR.

In the long ago, leisurely, sunny summers of my boyhood I commenced making the acquaintance of a charming band of singers, the members of our feathered choir. I had not then heard of Pope Gregory or Palestrina, was innocent as the birds themselves of Beethoven or Wagner, and did not pause to think that perhaps their songs might be considered just a little old fashioned, as they had added nothing to their repertory since creation day. I have renewed my acquaintance with these dulcet-voiced children of the woods from time to time with much pleasure, besides adding many new faces to my visiting list, and, dear reader, will gladly introduce you to my friends and favorites. They are nearly all soloists, each song is perfect in its way and perfectly rendered, and the variety is most pleasing. Many a little country or village quartette choir thinks itself composed of soloists, and they often sing four tunes at once, but the harmony is not improved thereby. Our feathered choristers are of rural extraction and abode also, but though they often sing together their various songs, there is no discord. I am somewhat puzzled over this, and the only theory or reason I can think of lies in the great altitude of bird tones, and their consequent rapid vibrations, which do not jar on each other so much as slower and lower ones would.

A tireless band of songsters, full of quaint humor and musical enthusiasm, these shy sylvan friends are

very near to my heart. Some of them make melody through the hours of darkness, an ecstatic full-voiced chorus greet the dawn, and even the dread heat of the August midday is braved by at least one hardy and good humored little musician. But they are only summer friends, they leave us to our regrets in the winter. While speaking about regrets I may just as well confess that in order to get the photographs for the illustrations of this sketch, a corresponding number of songsters had unavoidably to be silenced with a shotgun and then mounted, but I hope I will be forgiven.

Who has not listened to and loved the song of birds, even if indifferent to all other music? I almost feel as if the musician derived little or no advantage from his knowledge and love of sweet sounds, for in spite of the many attempts to write down the music of bird songs, it never has been successfully accomplished, and never will be. Bird voices are too high, and their variation of intonation too slight to be caught and analyzed by even the most sensitive ear, and O! how much less could they be represented by clumsy notes and rests even if caught. No matter, if I can make even one lover of nature's music say when I describe a bird song, "Yes, I hear him, that is his voice," I will feel that ear and eye, and halting step, and clumsy fingers have not been ill employed.

It troubles me to know where to commence, for you see I dislike early rising, but perhaps just for once I can "rise with the lark" or even earlier, so come. Any time after the dead hush of midnight, especially if the moon is in the heavens, the domestic cock rendered partly silly by domestication and man's uncertain hours, is liable to be heard chanting more or less musically, "*I'm going to get up, I'm going to get up.*"



RED-EYED VIREO.

He's a blunderer, he thinks it is morning. On such nights the gamey cock Partridge may also be heard beating his throbbing tattoo, but I do not think he mistakes the hour; I would rather believe he is a midnight philosopher, wakeful, and tired of silent contemplation. Well, both these voices are uncertain and intermittent, and merely serve to emphasize the silences between. Even the dreaming Chipping Sparrow whose song goes off like a miniature silver alarm clock close by my window if I disturb it when retiring, only makes me feel more sensibly the depth of the hush resting on everything. It has much the same effect as a pebble dropped into a dark still pool, it only momentarily breaks its still calm surface. Yet hark! Now we truly hear the first song voice of the new day yet only conceived, not born. "*Pray-for-me-pray-for-me, yes-you-shall, whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will.*" How many a poor sufferer with wakeful brain and thirsty lips, has listened to this voice and been eased by the hope of the coming dawn! Yes, it is coming surely however dark it may be, the Whippoorwill is good authority.

Besides singing us a cherished though rather monotonous song in early morning and late evening, the Whippoorwill has inspired a number of our popular song writers and poets, and is on this account a household word even in localities it rarely visits. Unlike many other songsters it tunes up immediately on arrival in the spring, and it is popularly supposed that the farmer on hearing it concludes it is time to plant corn. I rather think that the voice of the Whippoorwill is a misleading one in this regard, but he does not mean it to be. No sir! He is a bird that emphatically attends to his own business. This consists in catching a stomach full of insects, and lending his voice to a

chorus rehearsal during the last few, as well as the first, hours of the lonesome night watches. So persistent is he when he thinks he ought to sing, that I have heard my brother cry "Shut up" to one singing on the roof without being able to silence it for long, and I myself have repeatedly hunted one from log to log in the evening, without turning him from his purpose.

Another persistent songster is the Grass Finch. I would not mention him here, did not all his kindred tune their pipes at varying intervals between dawn and sunrise, and had not some of them from time to time been awarded the palm for early rising. I think myself that the Song, Chipping, White-Throated and Fox-colored Sparrows are *all* tuneful harbingers of daylight, and very likely take turns of awakening the bird choir. They may also be heard singing at all hours of the day, and one individual Chipping Sparrow already mentioned, has regularly for years charmed me with its dreaming warble, whenever the midnight gleam of my candle flashes over its roosting place. The Ground Robin is another morning voice. Quite early he may be heard exchanging a quiet "*chewink*" with his mate; soon he mounts a stake, brushpile, or small tree, and tells us his simple serial story of "*quc-co-hce*" at intervals of a minute. Old maids think he says: "Drink your tea!"

This brings us to the Thrushes, of which the Brown, or Thresher, is easily first. A robust, hardy mountaineer is he, quick, though just a trifle awkward of movement, with blazing eye, and the finest dramatic voice in our whole bird choir. Though full of courage, and an open frequenter of the haunts of men (and an ardent admirer of his small fruits) he is possessed of a real boyish shyness when singing, and if he notices

you listening, will stop at once; but, like a good singer, he is often carried away by enthusiasm, and can then be approached with ease. On such an occasion I jotted down the following suggestion of his song, which I think will recall it to ears that have once heard it. "Ka'-ce, ka'-ce ka'-ce che-'wa che-'wa che-'wa, ke-o ke-o, qu-ie qu-ie qu-ie, ke-ha ke-ha, oc-kee oc-kee oc-kee, ha-we ha-we, que-a-ya que-a-ya, qui qui qui, ka-ta! che-ha che-ha che-ha, ac-cu-we ac-cu-we, ke-we ke-we," &c. *presto con animo*.

The old dispute as to the difference between instinct and reason comes freshly to my mind when I think of the performances of a pair of Brown Thrushes that I witnessed one summer. As every egg-gathering small boy knows, the Brown Thrush nests on the ground. Well, this pair had built a nest and nearly reared the young in the usual location, when along comes our large tom cat "Game" and devours the whole brood. The thrushes sorrowed for awhile, and then went to work anew on top of a brushpile near by. After incubation the cat again sacrificed the entire young family, yet the brave birds commenced a third nest, this time in a slim sapling almost directly over the scene of this double tragedy. They failed repeatedly to make a lodgment in the sapling, the materials all slipping from them to the ground, but they did succeed at last, and raised a brood in safety.

Now let us call on his kinsman (by courtesy only, for the Brown Thrush really belongs with the mocking birds), the Hermit Thrush, that is if we can find him. We rarely know much of the life of a hermit until that life is past, and *this* hermit has so far successfully eluded both my gun and other more friendly enquiries. The well-known lines,

“Altho’ I listen to thy voice
Thy face I never see,”

may be aptly applied to the Hermit Thrush, and many I have no doubt have stumbled upon his elusive voice in some deep dell, and wondered what manner of bird the owner might be. I *have* seen him, but he vanished like a dream, and I cannot give you his photograph. Only in the most tangled coverts in the most sheltered glens will this recluse make his abode, and he cares little for the company of his relatives, I should judge; at least I have never heard the songs of Hermit Thrushes within hailing distances of one another. John Burroughs, the poet-student of the wood birds, likens the song to the words “*Oh spherical spherical*,” and the description is admirable, and enabled me to identify the bird at once. Wood Thrushes are much like “hermits” in general character and appearance, but are more domestic in their habits, much more numerous, and show less fear of man, as evinced by their nesting in close proximity to the house. Blest be their numbers! will be the thought of anyone listening to their ecstatic exclamations issuing from every nook and corner of the dewy thicket as the darkness falls. Any indication or suggestion of the song by note or syllable is impossible, and all description inadequate. Think of the sudden short tinkle of a silver bell, a fervent exclamation of rapture or devotion, the sweet senseless murmur of the young mother to her babe, and then hie to the twilight woods and hear the Wood Thrush for yourself. Wood Thrushes are most affectionate consorts. Wanting a specimen for comparison I sallied out early one evening and flushed a pair at their feeding. I followed them some way through the brush before sighting, when the female fell, fluttering down mortally wounded, and soon lay quiet.

Long before I reached the spot the male was there, hopping around the dead bird with palpitating bosom and a sharp note of grief, and perfectly careless of my approach to within two yards. Mystified at the silent form, it mounted to a low twig and commenced to sing. Never before or since have I heard such a splendid utterance, such eloquent trills, such soft persuasive eloquence, such endearing, pleading, bird-tones, all evidently intended to reach and arouse the unheeding ears of the "silent partner" in my palm. At last it darted away with a stricken scream, and I was glad to think I should see it no more, as I did not want to shoot such a songster and yet did not want to see its grief. But it had only flown back to where they had fed together, and not finding its mate there returned. Once more it sought the exact spot where she fell, and with ruffled plumage and disordered breathing, but still singing, searched fruitlessly among the leaves. I hurriedly left, and later on discovered the desolate nestful of cold eggs, and every day until the thrushes became silent, listened to a particularly brilliant performer among the many voices in that locality. The clay coated nest of the Wood Thrush may very easily be mistaken for that of the Robin, yet it invariably differs in two important items; it is composed of leaves instead of grass on the outside, and instead of a grass lining, has one of fibrous roots. The eggs are very similar, viz., a bluish-green.

Like the plain but sweet tempered "home girl" the Robin is safely ensconced in every heart, and dwells trustingly and with simple contentment with the "children of men." Of sober tint and simple song, and with somewhat plebeian tastes, he hops around our door-yard and sports in the meadow, sings matins and vespers

on the blasted top of the sheltering house tree, and nests in the orchard. What matters it that his voice is on occasions just a trifle loud and boisterous, and his manner sometimes just a very little redfaced; he has the sturdy courage of his convictions and will speak out if he thinks he is put upon, but you love him and he loves you, just the same notwithstanding. I recall the faces of many men and women that remind me of the Robin, and also how little this surface roughness affects the pure gold underneath. It is just this very human trait that endears the Robin to us. The nest is deep and substantially built, composed of coarse grasses, sticks, &c. on the outside, then a heavy coating of mud, and lastly a soft lining of very fine dried grass, on which are laid the six bluish-green eggs. The mud-masonry of the nest is moulded into shape against Robin's plump breast, and then left to dry several days before it is lined.

And now what, may be asked, is the first spring chorister? The first voice I have heard is that of the Shore Lark, but then *he* is a winter resident. Flitting over fields deep wreathed in snow with bright cheery chirp even in the dead frosts of January, he is a sort of "hail-fellow-well-met" at all times, but does not favor us with his song proper until towards spring. Then his rather weak but pleasing song (which somehow suggests the Meadow Lark) is heard on bright days in the fields and by the roadside. Presently he is joined by another brave little vocalist, this time a returning wanderer from the south. "*Where-are-you, where-are-you,*" now comes cheerily across the lingering snow wreathes, as spring with the Bluebirds in her train, suns herself in sheltered nooks and corners, until the tardy winter shall move out and give her possession. If the winter prove

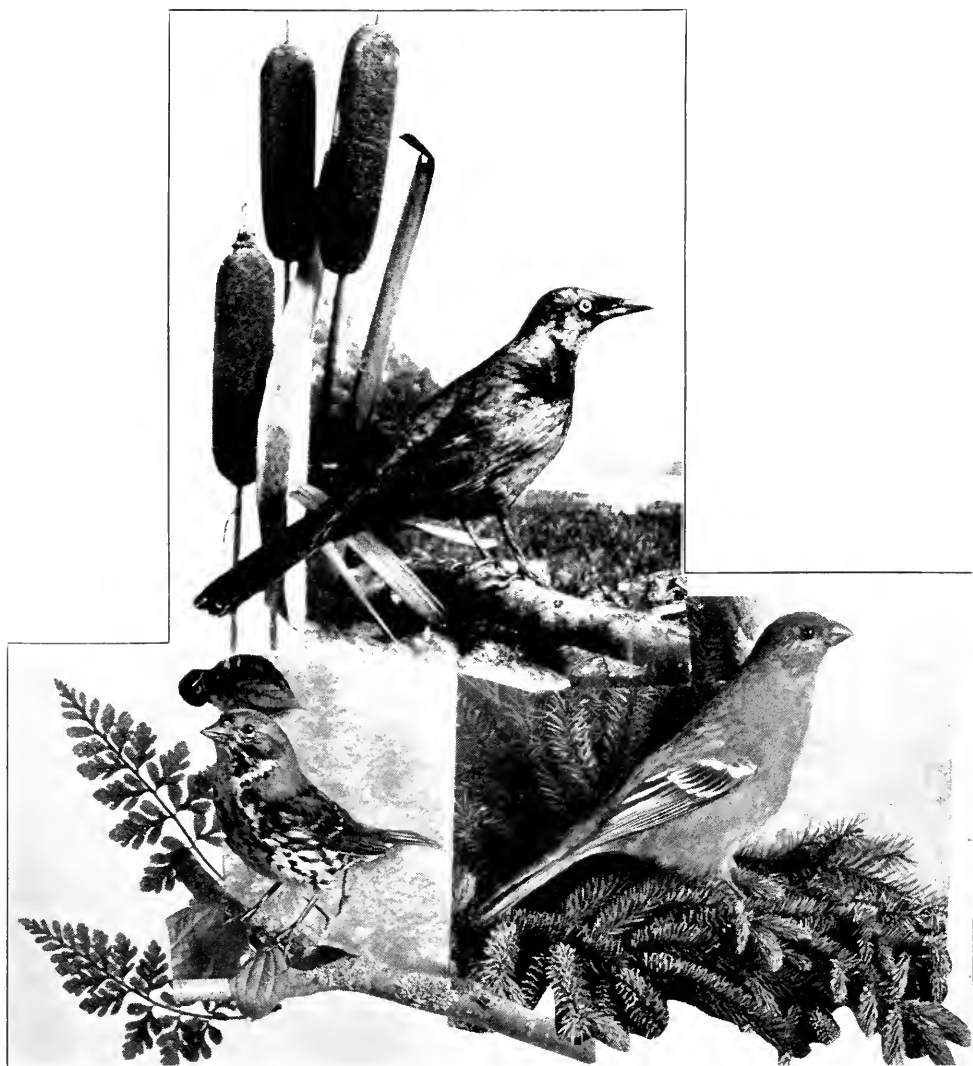
obstinate and refuse to vacate until ejected by that mighty ruler of the seasons the Sun, the spring (never any hand at a quarrel) retires in dismay, and the poor Bluebird is forced to fly for shelter to the barn and stockyard, and to subsist on an unaccustomed diet of grain and dried berries. But cold or warm "Winter will not last forever" is the hopeful refrain of this spring pioneer, and soon indeed the skies take on the color of his wing, and the last vestige of snow flies affrighted before the fiery glances of the sun, leaving the naked but glad earth the warm color of his breast.

Not till the spring is well advanced, and the semi-hardy birds such as Thrushes, Blackbirds, Bluebirds and Robins, have all reported for duty and wished us a musical good morning, do the more aristocratic birds in their rich liveries, grace the woodland with their presence. Foremost in this gorgeous procession is the Oriole or Golden Robin, jauntily wearing the striking colors of Lord Baltimore. He is very indifferent in regard to his singing, and though possessed of a remarkably fine voice, like some gentlemen with a similar possession, will only sing when he feels like it. He sings rapturous snatches of melody, hums, chants, and whistles at intervals as he saunters around pleasuring among the bursting buds and fruit blooms, but never seems willing to exert himself to give us his complete song. Perhaps he is too indolent to learn a piece clear through, and if he is, I do not wonder. Good clothes and admiration have spoiled many a singer, and I know I have seen Mrs. Oriole hard at work building her curious and beautiful nest, while her graceless spouse in his Sunday suit and richest warble, sat looking on and "bossing the job." Dudes do not all belong to the genus homo.

The Redwinged Blackbird is another dude, and by his red epaulettes, he must be a "Kurnell." His song

certainly has a commanding, dictatorial ring to it, but he is much too self-conscious of his good looks to suit me. The listener is apt to be under the painful impression that the singer's mind is distracted from his singing through solicitude about his dress suit, that he is afraid of soiling it, or that his neighbors will not admire it enough. And so Mr. Redwing ruffles his plumes and strikes an attitude, like the fop that he is. Not far behind in self-conceit and foppery is the Cowbird, parading himself and his most unmusical vocal performance before his many wives. Owing to the widespread interest in the Mormon question our feathered polygamist ought to receive some extra attention, but really he is not worth it, his song is no better than his moral character, so let us pass on to the Rusty Blackbird, who can at least sing. I have not heard him "solus" but a treeful or swampful singing in concert has a very pleasing effect, like the plashing of a waterfall. I have deeply regretted my inability to more carefully study the song and habits of this blackbird at the time I first fell in with it, as I have had no opportunity since.* Perhaps I had better mention here that jingling versifier of the meadow and the marshes, the Bobolink. No merrier songster revels in the spring weather or scatters broadcast a more mocking, rollicking, intoxicating, delirious, gleeful shower of bird laughter than "Mister Bobolinkum." Little but indolently active—dressed like a harlequin—a constant singer—he will not be long in your neighborhood before you make his acquaintance, and a very pleasing holiday maker he is.

* Since the above was written I have met the "Rusty" in the doorway, but could not determine whether the individual birds had any song at all. The combined intermittent voices of the flock certainly produce a very musical jingle, but I could not trace the music to any one bird.



BLACKBIRD, GROSBEAK AND SPARROW.

I regret that I am not more a "son of the marshes" as then I might be able to tell you more about the Bobolink.

How different from the Redwing and the Cow-bird, or even the Bobolink, is the Scarlet Tanager. *He* wears his gorgeous suit of crimson trimmed with black with royal indifference; perhaps he has noticed how soon such outside glitter fades as his will presently do, leaving him a sober, dingy, yellowish-green like his mate. In striking contrast to his changing coat is the ever-thrilling interest of his song even while his tropical splendor of hue is fading from neck and bosom. Though partaking of the general characteristics of both the Robin's and Grosbeak's songs, its wild untamed freshness and spicy flavor of the woods coupled with that strange vibrating undercurrent of mystery and remoteness—the thrill and glow of the poet-nature finding utterance—will forever arrest attention, and compel an answering thrill. "*Chip-ah*" is his abrupt, startled, yet withal dignified challenge to the intruder on his solitude, and this reserve and strangeness of manner to strangers is the key to his whole character, and is not without its charm. While chanting in wrapt heroic strain among the topmost boughs of the forest where they still catch the departing sunlight, he often stops and utters his pensive watchword as if he would say, "What business have you here listening to me," and then resumes his song again.

The Rosebreasted Grosbeak is possessed of a pretty name, a mellow sweet song and the sweetest of tempers, but, at least in his song, we miss that "spiciness" variety is said to give, and so, as he is quite generous with his vocal accomplishment, it soon becomes flatly monotonous. Listening to him for the first time, his mellow,

finely modulated notes falling with an indolent ripple on the ear exactly in keeping with the balmy, dreamy spring weather, one is tempted to exclaim, "I should never tire of it." But you would, like my friend did of the fresh figs, and for the same reason. *He* thought after eating the first one that he had never tasted anything so good, after the second that he should eat a good many before he was satisfied, and after the third one, wondered if he could manage to eat another. However, the Grosbeak possesses good looks, and a most useful trait apart from his music, he devours the Colorado Potato Beetle.

But what feathered friend have we here? If we judge by color this is a "*maltese*," and listening to his ordinary "*squeigh*" we feel sure that the "cat" has the influenza. It takes some little acquaintance to reconcile us to such a voice in possession of one of our pets, especially if the Catbird imitates for our edification the whetting of a scythe in the orchard. One of my intimate Catbird acquaintances displayed this accomplishment two successive summers, rousing the hired man to see who was at work before him, but this is the only sign he has given me so far that he takes after his near relation the Mocking Bird in powers of imitation. His ordinary song is a weak imitation of the common Robin, and is often mistaken for it. The Catbird is a Lowlander, frequenting river-bottoms, the willow-fringed margin of small streams, and the low-lying orchard and shrubbery. The nest is composed principally of the decayed inner bark of the butternut, basswood and ash, together with the outer wrapping of the grapevine, and contains from four to six very bright and glossy deep-green eggs.

Who has not felt that lightsome feeling that brings a song to the lips and a smile to the eyes, that sense

of perfect physical well-being begot of good health and absence of mental worry that makes us hear a benediction in every friendly word, and see a friend in everything that breathes! This feeling we rightly associate with the most youthful and sunny-tempered of the seasons, Spring. "Lightsome and springlike" we say, and with these words will ever be associated in my mind the song of the Meadow Lark. Shallow indeed is the musician who listens to his song and only thinks of jotting it down in notes and rests; he misses it all. It is that sympathetic something, that ring of the true metal, that quality or timbre distinctively its own, that is precious in this delicious voice of the meadow. It takes me back to youthful days—the boisterous youngsters tossing Easter eggs on the elastic pile of nature's last year's carpet, the troop of merry girlhood gathering "buttercups and daisies oh the pretty flowers" along the meadow water course. Hear the infectious laughter, the girlish scream, the boyish shout, and ever and anon a sweet "*Yes-it-is-me-that-you-hear*" from a yellow and black throat that never has a cold!

His distant cousin, the Crow Blackbird, on the contrary, always seems to be suffering from throat trouble, in fact we will have to suspend judgment in regard to his claims as a singer until he has done something for that dismal croak of his.

I may mention the Pewee here among the birds of doubtful musical talents, though his lively and emphatic announcement that "I am here and spring is just behind" is certainly grateful music to the winter-wearied ear. Much the same can be said of his melancholy pensive-noted little relative the Wood Pewee, and when all is said the one conclusion remains, they can scarcely be

called singers. Along this borderland of bird-song we find the Vireos. Their notes come dropping, liquid, pearley beads of music, from the edge of the woodland, and we listen with bated breath. The hackneyed song-form most certainly is not here, but the sounds are melody *per se* and could never issue out of any but a singer's throat. I know the Red Eyed Vireos best, yet have a listening acquaintance with the Yellow-throated, and Warbling Vireos. Their exquisite dip-net basket nests are the admiration of all students of bird architecture, and usually cling to their fastenings for two or three years.

*"Coo-aye-coo-coo-coo,
Thou solitary bird!"*

In their song time most birds are in one sense solitary, and sing alone, but the Mourning or Carolina Dove, seems content at all times with the companionship of his mate, and is rarely seen in the society of his fellows except incidentally in the fall on some favored feeding ground. There is not a sweeter or more melancholy alto voice issues from any feathered throat than this, in all our woods and gardens, so richly vocal. You think of the half-checked sob and stifled sigh, the dewy lashes and heaving bosom of human grief while your ear drinks in this plaint sounding so full of sorrow, yet in reality tremulous and brimming over with a different emotion, that of perfect, satisfying love. Close your eyes and listen! At regular intervals with sweet silences between, this epic love song of the wordless creation will slip like sleep with a soothing charm into the half-unconscious consciousness of a tired brain. Sweet song of love! who would exchange thee for the hot intoxicating taste of passion's delirious

goblet, sure to drop from the hand ere emptied, or remain to turn bitter in the drinking!

Time was when the clear whistle song of the Quail would come piping up from the ripening grain field with the hot breath of July, and when the progress of a covey occasionally threading their way Indian file through a tangle of briars and hazel brush, could be marked by a cheery "*ah-hee-he, ah-he-he.*" "*Ah-bob-white*" is seldom heard now, more's the pity. I miss him from the straw stack in the winter, from the buck-wheat stubble, from the sumach grove. Where has he gone? I miss him, for I have always considered him a singer, and am sure his little wife did too. I miss her also with her toddling brood and motherly solicitude, beautiful to behold. I am afraid the cruel blizzard and still more cruel hunter with shotgun and box trap have banished, if not exterminated him.**

I cannot leave my fascinating subject without just mentioning the brilliant performance of the Oven Bird and the Yellow Throat with their rapid and emphatic utterance, vigorous crescendos, and abrupt close, and their occasional ecstatic flights in full song a la skylark. The former's song has been well described as "*O Teacher TEACHER TEACHER*" for all the world like the remonstrances of a boy being whipped, the tone increasing with the blows. Nor must I pass over the numerous and curious brood of warblers, the Chestnut-sided, the Redstart, Black-and-white Creeper, Water Thrush, Ruby-crowned Wren, &c., almost unnoticed by the uncaring crowd, but a source of never-ending delight to the student. Their voices are all well

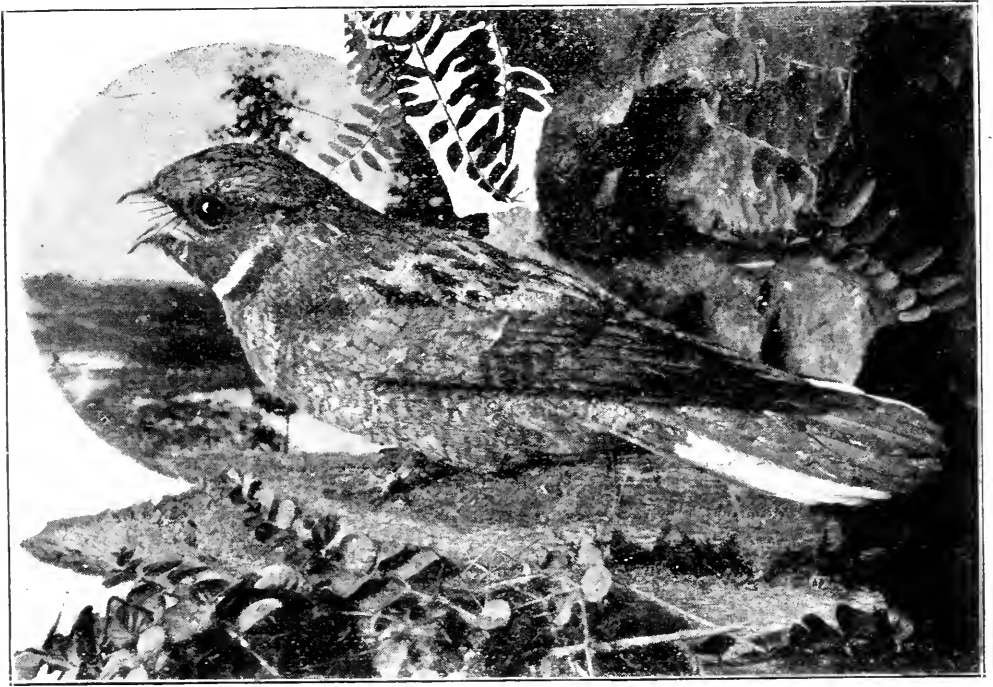
** Protected by law for the last 5 years the Quail is again showing itself.

worthy of a separate description—some of them are exquisite—but I think I hear the Wood Thrush singing, and imagine I see the shadows striding like giants from the western hills upon our fields and houses, and I wish before I close to say a word about the lonely bird-voices of the night.

It is often a difficult question to establish the distinction between a bird's ordinary note or conversational tone and its singing voice, or to prove the absence of the latter. The Mourning Dove has only one voice—that of its song—as the quivering sound emitted when startled into taking flight is caused by the vibration of its wings. The startled Robin on the contrary emits a sharp "*pip-pip*" or perhaps an impatient chorus of them, the Ground Robin says "*cheerwink*," the Blackbird "*clack*," the Catbird "*squigh*," while the Grosbeak, Tanager, and all the Thrushes can talk and scold vigorously apart from their singing as any one knows who has interfered with their nesting. But what shall we say of the voice of the Virginia Eared Owl, is it talking or singing? It possesses the measured monotony, also the necessary repetition of the song form, but is it music?

"*Hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo, hoo, hoo*" shall say; tastes differ. If it were put to the owls themselves the answer would certainly be in the affirmative, while the denizens of the henhouse might demur. But there is yet another suggestion, viz., that both male and female birds vocalize, in fact, that they serenade each other, which if true would invalidate their claims as songsters, for of course only male birds are supposed to sing. The midnight vocal performance of the Screech Owl (hold your ears!) is similarly involved. Its summer voice is almost exactly like the dolorous whimper of the Raccoon.

changing in winter to a tremulous, purring monotone. But I am afraid outside of this paper we cannot admit the Owls into the bird choir, yet I will not attempt to decide, I will leave that—well—to the reader.



A WELL-TRAVELED THOROUGHFARE.

From my study porch I have been watching the unconscious comings and goings of almost all the wild life of the Glen. Its position is advantageous; it is surely superior to the monkey cage of Prof. Garner, inasmuch as it is open and above board; free to everybody, and with no suspicion of the intruder, having been built before the furry four-footed prospectors settled down here. 'Tis true it is a little above their usual range of vision (for which I am abundantly grateful) but they can and do see me if they want to look up; and most of them have no need to dread the little twelve bore, always at my elbow, but seldom used. The porch is perched above the stream—the silvery stream—babbling unceasingly to each of us in his own language; to me and to the wild, sharp ears out there on the meadow, or lurking in the sedge. Between me and the water stands a thin fringe of ironwood, maple, oak and basswood, festooned with riverside vines. I can see through it to the meadow beyond, yet it is enough of a covert to attract swarms of warblers, who hunt its drooping boughs for insects, and many a squirrel uses it as a connecting link between the chapel hill and the nut trees along the Simpson brook. We are also forty rods from the dwelling house—another feature essential to success. Back of the porch is an artist's studio or workshop, my brother Charles' when he lived, with tall north light, and the basement is used as a stable

and chicken coop. Though there are certain drawbacks to the stable feature that need not be particularized, it too has its advantages; one *ferre*—the mink—would never think of indulging me with his visits but for the chickens, and I once lassoed a callow woodchuck in the cow's manger, and led him in triumph out into publicity, in spite of his bashfulness. The cow and hens also serve as a link between me and the life of the woods; the wildest squirrels and woodchucks fear me less that they see my social relations with the barnyard; so you see I am very well disposed indeed as regards situation.

I think I will begin with the woodchuck, as I have only to look up from my writing to see him at almost any hour of the day. Of all my humble, vegetarian, four-footed, country friends, none are so approachable, considering their size, as the woodchucks. Before I studied them from my porch I used to meet them in my evening walks beside the brook and in the bordering meadows, waddling along through the grass on their short legs, or see them skurry headlong with a great show of fright into their holes; but knowing well that for innocent curiosity they would be hard to equal, have watched patiently for the speedy reappearance of the well-known blunt snout, close-cropped ears, and mild brown eyes; and was seldom disappointed. Once leisurely sitting in a rocker on the porch, looking over a forgotten volume of the Library Magazine, I espied a female woodchuck and one of her offspring, looking comically like a lumbering Teuton dame and "little Hans" in all the unconscious angularity and wide-eyed solemnity of that precocious youngster, traveling briskly up the stream. I laughed heartily at the way the little one exactly followed the path and imitated the

walk of its mother; how it rose on its hind legs, flattened itself on the ground, or attempted a sudden burst of speed, just as she did. Once she stood as high as she could on her fore legs, when "master chuckster" rushed under her belly, and assumed the exact attitude, peeping out between her fore legs. I had made Hans' acquaintance the evening previous, surprising his mother, sister, and himself in a clover field near the burrow they were then occupying. The two first named rushed home, but poor Hans was taken unawares, and his flight intercepted. He let me approach and poke his cool little nose with my cane, feebly attempting to bite it, but when I patted him on the back with it he gave an angry snarl and rushed past me to the safety of the burrow. This is surely a favorite spot with these animals, partly on account of the unfailing food and water, but also I fancy on account of the absence of a resident dog. I counted five burrows in sight from my back porch this spring as the chucks commenced to stir abroad, not including the one under the studio itself and one under the hay shed. One jolly old-timer occupying a well-shaded high-and-dry hole that I have taken an interest in since boyhood days, was interviewed by the rooster and his harem (all newcomers but four old hens) as he sat with his head and fore paws out of the burrow taking a leisurely preliminary survey. The flock all tiptoed up to him, inspected him gravely, and then settled down to scratch for worms in his immediate vicinity, perfectly satisfied he was harmless. The young chucks do occasionally frighten the hens by rushing clumsily among them, but this is only because on account of their smaller size they are mistaken for the dreaded mink. Standing near this same hole I have counted fifteen woodchucks, young

and old, in sight at once. Well, unless they reach the kitchen garden they do not seem to do any harm, and I delight to pry into their little domestic affairs. But I do not attempt to destroy them. Only once; urged by the gardener I did take up my gun and had taken aim; when I am on the record to have dropped it with the cry: "I can't do it, he looks just like Father James!" at any rate the woodchuck was spared. The female under the studio has a litter of four robust little fellows, and I watch them and her with unfailing interest. Lately I saw her crossing the bridge in the direction away from the studio, with a young one in her mouth. Whether she was transferring her family to a new hole in consequence of my tethering the cow on their especial feeding ground near the old one, or whether she was returning some young hopeful to his proper connections, I could not determine. Some days after the same female plunged past the porch and down the bank of the stream, quickly returning to the studio hole with a young chuck in sorry plight; dripping wet and apparently demoralized. She quickly made another similar journey, and after a much longer interval returned with another youngster. What could it mean? Were they playing truant like American little boys, or was she "isolating" a case of measles? I watched a few minutes longer and was rewarded. A wilful youngster, the "terror" most likely of his family, trotted around the corner of the porch, and off on forbidden paths down by the water. His wrathful mamma followed him close, and he was soon dangling head downward in her mouth, and on his way back. So it seems that little woodchucks play "hookey" just the same as little boys and girls.

Embowered as we are here in the woods, and many of the trees nut trees, we naturally have the squirrels. The red is rarest, but I have seen one this season; first away back in the winter. It was at an old shed some distance off. He sat perched on the top of the open door, his tail snugly spread along his back, and his fore feet hugging his chest. I approached to within ten feet, and we eyed each other long and silently with no movement on the squirrel's part but a few shivers, not shivers for cold, but just a silent "chicker." At last the little fellow could stand it no longer, and he sprang upon the roof, and gave a chicker or two, flattening his hind quarters on the shingles, and starting at every squeal as if it were the noise that was the propelling power. But his most laughable performance was a sort of dance that he executed with his hind legs only, holding on to some higher object with his fore paws, and shaking with almost inaudible cachinations. It was irresistibly comical. I finally closed in on him, and with a furious racket he rushed under cover. What first attracted him to the shed was a collection of butter-nuts left there to dry. Later he gravitated to the brook fringe by my porch.

My nearest and most persistent squirrel neighbors—no less in fact than the joint tenants with me of the building—are the flying squirrels. Along towards nightfall on bright days, or much earlier if cloudy, I will hear a merry scrambling overhead above the plaster, and perhaps a playful squeak or two, as the scramble waxes fast and furious. It is the squirrels preparing for their nightly excursion into the open air. If later I sit on the porch after the hens are all quiet on their roosts for the night, keep perfectly still and watch closely, I will presently see a pair of bright eyes at a



OCTOGON LOG HOUSE—THECLA AND FAWN.

hole in the casing of the eaves, and soon a shadow will float noiselessly from them to the base of the nearest tree, and tiny feet will be heard scrambling up its trunk, though nothing can be seen. From its top the shadow launches itself, plainly visible this time athwart the sky, and nimbly gains another tree, off on the borders of the wood. It is followed by a second, and I hear a subdued chirruping. I suppose all night long they visit with their brethren of the hollow trees and hunt for food, but just when they return I cannot say.

Do wild animals take a summer vacation, and return to their old haunts and abode when the weather grows cooler? Something very like it I notice with my friends the flying squirrels here in the studio attic. Unshaded by trees during the hottest part of the day, the sun makes even the lower room that I occupy like a furnace in the afternoon, so one can guess what it must be in the attic under the shingles. I thought of this one boiling day in July, I also remembered I had heard no noise overhead for some time back. After listening at intervals for a week, I concluded the little lodgers had been driven out by the stifling atmosphere, or were dead. Only a week elapsed when the beginning of August the weather turned much cooler. I was sitting at my desk, the squirrels forgotten, when a scrambling overhead told me they had returned.

The flying squirrels are I think the most timid and sensitive of our wild animals. I have often caught them by mistake in box traps set for grey squirrels and blue jays, and they had always died of fright or the over-exertion inspired by terror. Their fur is finer than the finest silk—as fine as a mole's. At the very opposite extreme is the coat of the gopher, or leopard sphermophile, though its markings are beautiful. It is also of

very different disposition, and can be trapped and re-trapped without apparently hurting its feelings, though it will occasionally skin its nose against the wires if left to itself in the trap too long. I have sometimes chased one into its burrow, set the trap at the entrance, stepped back a step or two, and watched the little simpton come out and enter the trap all inside of a minute. The chipmonk is not quite so easily caught, but it is not at all shy of men. A beautiful little fellow has made a burrow right by the hens' entrance to the basement, sunk it down below the wall, perhaps for greater dryness and warmth. He carries on his transportation of winter supplies undisturbed by my presence, and hunts around for the grains of corn that the hens have overlooked almost at my feet. He is so industrious and has gathered so much provender that I cannot think what he ever does with it all. Over the same path from the brook fringe to the hens' door comes another four-footed creature, only this one comes at night. The morning usually tells the story. Eight corpses stark and stiff on the floor of the coop greeted mother's eyes when she went to let out the chickens.

"Oh! Wilfrid, come here, what's happened, the hens are all dead; oh my beautiful chickens; oh dear!"

The remaining four hens (the sturdy rooster even had fallen a victim) almost luney from that night of terror, escaped into the daylight and took to the woods, as if civilization was to blame for the slaughter of their companions. That night they roosted in trees, they had had enough of the coop.

To return to the dead: they had all perished from the same cause, viz., a scientific incision at the base of the skull into the jugular; and they were drained dry of blood. A fine, almost imperceptible odor of musk

hung about the premises; that, and the peculiar nature of the wounds, and the fact that the door of the coop was closed, made me unhesitatingly say "mink." I looked farther and found that he (or she) had got in by widening the spaces between the spars on the laticed division between the cow stall and the coop; using his teeth and then further springing the spars, his weasel-like body acting as a wedge. That same day as I sat in my study above, I heard a rattling around below, and on going down surprised the mink in the coop. He had returned for a midday meal, but the dead and alive hens were alike absent. I closed the outer door as I thought, and rushed around to secure the gap in the spars; but he wriggled silently through a crack no wider than your thumb, at least he must have done, for I searched the nests for him in vain. I saw him again not long since one rainy day rushing down the bed of the brook past the porch, draggled and wet and very innocent looking, but presumably viewing the premises for a future raid, as he doubtless is aware that the hen roost has been replenished. To think that so much blood-thirstiness could find lodgment in that little body, scarce larger than a good sized squirrel! It takes ones breath away.

The minks have been harboring around here now for some years, and three have been killed; two shot and one trapped in the coop. But the traps that have been sprung, and the shots that have been fired with little or no effect are really confounding. Twice have I fired from the porch and drawn blood as well as a blood-curdling squeal, and twice have I fired from the window at one feeding on the remains of a sacrificed hen, but in every case a flying leap into the stream, a splash and a muddy commotion along the bank, has

ended the matter as far as I was concerned, and if any of them died they kept it to themselves. I have had snap shots at them, but they "gink" at the flash like some of the divers, and just seem to enjoy it. The tactics of a mink if it meets the hens during the day is skulking and cowardly. The hens at first sight of their enemy, unlike their action in presence of a hawk, rush in a drove toward the intruder, stepping high on their toes and uttering wild cries. The mink retreats behind a stump, stone, or brush pile, and watches out for an isolated chicken, a young one if possible, and seizes it when the others are not there to support it.

Which is it, Burroughs or Thompson, that asks "Who has seen a partridge drum?" "Here sir," I answer, for "all things come to them that wait" on my wonderful porch. Not twenty rods away I had long heard a persistent drummer, and one day I saw the flash of his wings as he beat his breast, beat it harder than the wedding guest did his, I am sure. I ceased to wonder that the partridge breast is such tender eating, until I was confounded by remembering that only the males drum, and their mates are as tender eating as they. This one rose high on his legs, gave I think three quick preliminary strokes, and then commenced slowly, but with increasing speed and violence, until the strokes would all run together both to sight and hearing. It all looked very stagey.

And this reminds me to say, do not imagine for a moment that the denizens of the woods are incapable of enjoying a bit of stage play. I will tell you what I saw apropos of this very drumming partridge. I first heard a jay imitating the cry of the hawk, and really not being sure if it were not indeed the hawk himself, and wanting him for a specimen, I cautiously moved toward

the sound. What I at first saw strengthened this impression—a squirrel curiously flattened in the crotch of a tree, as if to avoid being seen from the side farthest from me. But there was no hawk in sight, and there, a little farther on, sat the jay, a self-confessed mimic. I was about to turn away when I noticed that both the jay and squirrel were intently observing something on the ground, and going forward (to their utter consternation and rout) I came upon the tableau that had engaged their attention. A fine cock partridge, oblivious of me and all the world except a hen of his own species that sat rigid and prim in a blue beech above him, was spreading his tail and elevating his satiny ruff, and occasionally having what seemed like fits of semi-strangulation in his efforts to go through some yet more comical contortion. Imagine a domestic turkey gobbler or peacock when they have got a spell of feeling important, but without the barnyard audience that they always have, and you will have a good idea of the ludicrous scene. The hen saw me first, and with a succession of warning clucks, mounted twig by twig to the top of the beech, and flew off over the hill. This brought the cock to his everyday senses, and he partially lowered his tail and ruff and strutted after her.

Pretty soon afterward I discovered the hen sitting on eleven eggs at the foot of the beech, and the day they hatched out I met her a few rods from the nest, with all her fluffy yellow-and-brown hatch of chickens around her. At her first scream of alarm they scattered like water thrown on a bundle of straw, and were gone—vanished—while yet the retina of my eye retained their shape, color, and probable number. The mother made a great ado, and indulged in so much high-keyed screaming and pleading that I thought she would injure

her throat. But I would not be coaxed off—I knew better than that, and slipped down quietly with my back to a stone, right in among the vanished brood. The screaming soon ceased; then after a season of clucking, mingled with a few of those strange, yearning wails or sighs, all became absolutely quiet. It remained so for perhaps half an hour when her ladyship concluded I would not move, and the better way would be to sound the rallying note, gather her clan, and beat an orderly retreat. That was just what I wanted. A few soft persuasive clucks and calls, and the little trebles piped up “I am here” from all around me (some nearly under me); they sounded disconsolate, pert and spry, chilly, petulant, just as the little chicks individually felt, and my heart smote me as one delicate little fellow, shivering and unsteadily, struggled along with many mishaps after his mother. She waited with wonderful patience for them to gather around her, and disappeared in good order.

I then visited the nest. All the egg shells (14) were still in it; their large ends had been removed like a cap, and after the egress of the chick, crushed back into the cavity. This fine brood you would think would make the birds noticeably more plentiful in the fall, but I am afraid not. The skunks and raccoons, and foxes, and weasels, all occasionally travel this thoroughfare at night, all intent on murder and pillage.

This year I will not be there to see.

And the stream of sylvan travel still goes on, past my porch, everywhere. Who could call these woods a solitude! Who could ask me if I were lonesome! No one, unless they saw less than I do, and I see so little. Would I were Argus.

THE ARTIST BROTHER.*

It is now nearly two decades since a son and brother passed from amongst us, after a short sojourn of thirty-one years. Gifted—as the surviving work of his brush will eloquently tell to the eyes of the future; warm-hearted—as only his own can tell or would understand. If it is fitting that, sacredly respecting his retiring modesty (and the feelings—not to be put into words—of his kinsfolk) that there should have been an interval of silence, a pause, wherein the changed horizon should pass into our lives with the survival of the imperishable; yet is it meet and seemly that before his living presence here becomes only a tradition, some voice or pen shall recall, even if feebly, enough of the beautiful in the life of the artist brother, as will give pause to those that in the years to come will pass this way, and linger to drink of the waters, and rest themselves in the cool shadow of the pines he loved.

The subject of this memoir was born in Prestwich, England, on the 27th day of September, 1844, the second son of his parents; and as they emigrated to America in August of the succeeding year, he made the six weeks' ocean voyage and the journey to Milwaukee, Wis., via the Erie canal and the great lakes, in his mother's arms. Of the two incursions into Dodge Co. varied by a shift-

*Chas. P. Dorward. It was only after Charles' death that the family reverted to the older spelling—Durward.

ing residence in Milwaukee, and the frontier hardships, sickness and privations that attended them, he doubtless remembered little, and his conscious existence must have commenced along with his unconscious artistic training, in the octagon log house on the banks of the Milwaukee river, north of what was then the city, where they settled in the fall of 1851. I have been unable to discover any drawings made at this time, but as father had a studio in the house, little Charles must have been familiar with pencils and brushes. Meanwhile, in 1847, another brother had arrived, and in 1850-51, a little golden-haired sister had come and gone. In the last days of '51 the fourth boy was born, shortly after moving to the log house at Riverside. It was here in 1853 that father and mother became Catholics, and the four boys were of course baptized in that faith. Charles was eight years old at this time. The effect of this important step on the lives of the whole family has assuredly been great, and even the immediate results must have been sensibly felt by the three oldest children, for father and mother in the uncalculating enthusiasm of their first fervor determined to voluntarily separate and become celibates. Father had accepted the Professorship of English Literature at the newly erected seminary of St. Francis south of Milwaukee, and so mother retired with the children into the convent and orphan asylum of the Franciscans near by. The ill-judged experiment was abandoned as impracticable after about three years and various changes of domicile for mother and the children, and the family was united in the house at Riverside, North Milwaukee, where Bernard, the first born, died in 1855. The sale of the Riverside property followed, and after some delay in rented houses, the brick house of the five gables on South



THE ARTIST BROTHER.

Point was built. It had seven acres of garden adjoining, and was convenient to father's teaching. I had seen the light in the last rented house, so there was again four children in the family, all boys. This house on the brink of the lake is the home of my earliest recollections; but, childlike, I only remember a younger (the last boy was born here in 1861) and an older brother and my parents; leaving out entirely the two brothers between. Charles was busy with his pencil here, and has left us a great number of remarkably faithful copies of birds and beasts from Wood's Natural History, full of life and vigorous free-hand work, and not unworthy of the originals—by Dalzell, and perhaps the finest series of wood-cut illustrations it has been my pleasure and good fortune to see. Let me mention in passing that the price of these admirable little studies to admiring brothers or friends (as I only lately learned from one happy possessor) was one gun cap each! This suggests a probable fondness for sport, and as from all I can learn Charles was a healthy boy, and as I believe robins and thrushes were considered of table size, and the boy's friend and companion across the road is reported to have said "If I had \$100.00, I would buy a \$2.50 musket and all the rest in shot and powder," the passion for shooting was very natural. In later years Charles did not like to destroy life of any kind. Without remembering the sportsman, I call to mind one bird that I have been told he shot—a grim black-brown cormorant—and how he leaped down the steep lake bank with a wild cry to secure it. This shows how near to nature's untamed heart he was at this time, and she was always thus, he was perfectly in touch with her unto the end. He also painted in oil and water colors while here; shells, flowers, fruit, and

bits of landscape, and among other things a view of the house, showing garden in front, and the distant North Point and blue Lake Michigan in the background, screened by a characteristic elm and hawthorn that I remember well. This was between 1857 and 1862, and part of the time he attended day school at St. Francis with his brother John. During their summer vacation in 1860, the two boys and father visited the Dells of the Wisconsin at Kilbourn, and buying a boat at Portage, floated down to Richland City, were driven to Arena, and thence home by rail. What an outing this must have been for the boys, and especially for the one with the artist's eye and hand. I think I see many traces of the impressions left by this trip in Charles' river sketches of later years. There is mention of a stop on the trip at a point almost due east of the present homestead, and a tramp through Caledonia; but as I cannot make out that father discovered the property until later, it can hardly have been to see it that they stopped.* Then came the mutterings of the great war, and later the draft, and though father was past service and Charles was yet under age, he wisely concluded the city was no place for a "copperhead" and his family of boys. Just how father came to locate the "Glen" is uncertain, but the most plausible story is that in the following year (1861), during vacation or before, father and his eldest brother floated down the Wisconsin, starting from Lyndon this time, and stopping off as before, came through Caledonia to Prentice's Mill. Father's brother, Martin, had known the miller, Alex. Prentice, in Scotland; and it was through him that father first saw the Glen, and later acquired it. This has been already related (vide

*A mistake: The boys visited the Glen at this time.—Ed.

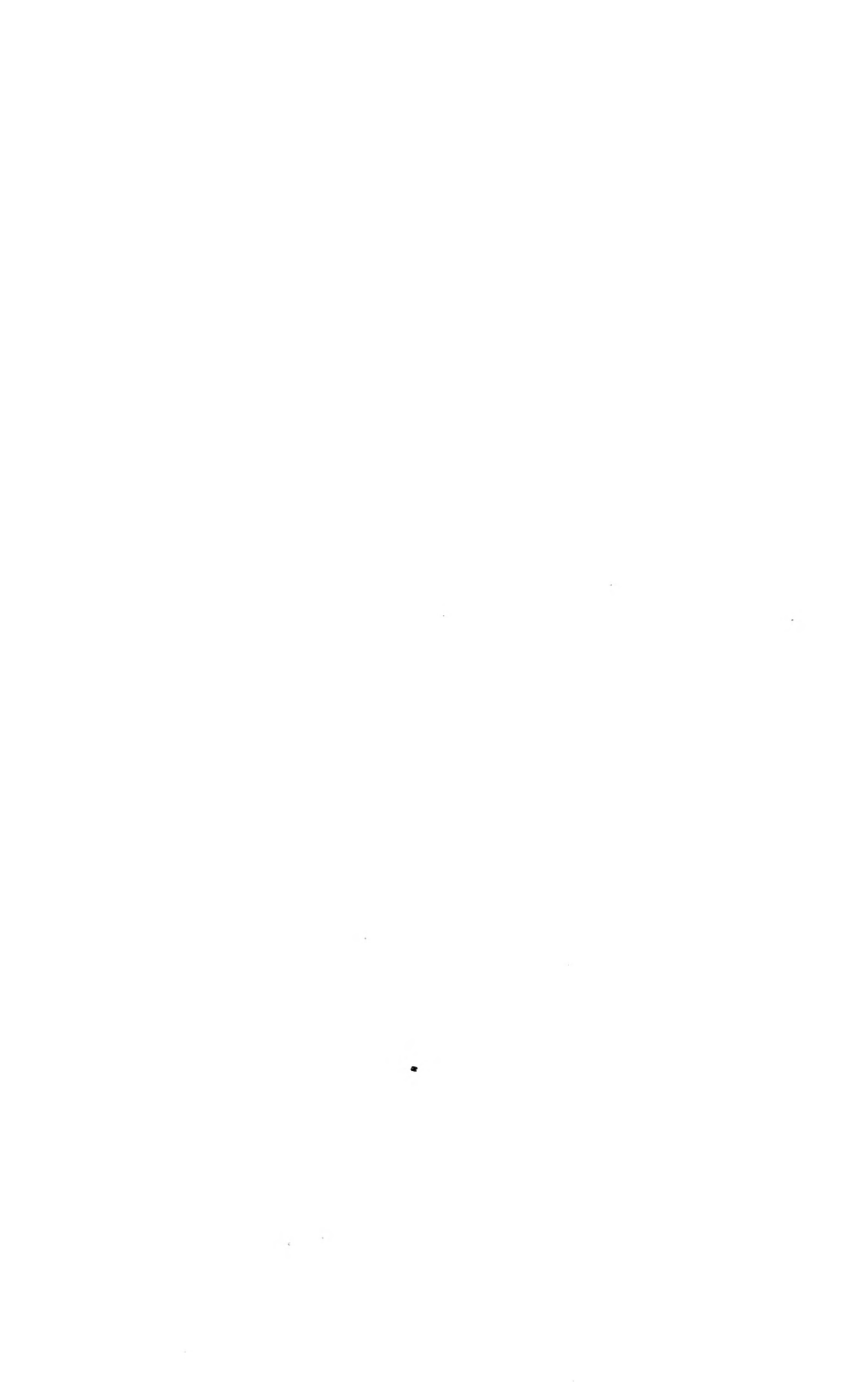
"Auld Geordie.") The lake shore property was sold (the lake had been eating it away at the rate of 16 feet a year), and we all started for the new home in the woods. The journey from Milwaukee was made in a one-horse wagon towards the end of October, 1862, and on November 1st we crossed the Wisconsin river, the bleak Portage marsh and the Baraboo river, and came on down the valley of Caledonia to Prentice's, where we staid that night, not, however, without taking possession of the Glen in the name of All Saints. Old Geo. Mearns did not build his new house until the next spring, and so we could not get possession of his log cabin for that winter, but Mr. Prentice kindly placed a vacant house of his at our disposal, and we got safely moved in. This house stood on the rising ground north of the mill dam, and just a quarter of a mile from the Glen property. It was here that I first remember my brother as an artist. He had strained himself at unaccustomed work in the woods, and so I suppose devoted himself more continuously to painting. I have a very vague and shadowy recollection of what they were like, but his studies this winter were confined to fruits and flowers, and there were discouraging hints that these kinds would not sell. He scorched one, I remember, trying to dry it too hastily at the stovepipe that passed straight through the floor of his attic studio, and out at the roof. Of course I was too young to attach any importance to it, but the question of ways and means was just commencing to urge the young artist towards the land where the painters' money grows—the realm of portraiture. A few fruit pieces and landscapes were sold, enough perhaps to pay for canvas and colors for fresh attempts. Then came the moving to the Glen and the building of a studio on the

bank right above the spring, indeed the blasting for the foundations brought the waters of the present fountain to light, and were used within the semi-cellarlike foundation itself to cool the products of the dairy. On a rather insecure support of posts partly imbedded in an ill-built wall of soft sandstone whose super-sandy mortar took no "band," the barnlike painting room was perched; and the only wonder greater than that it never fell, is the amount of work that was done in it by both father and son, in happy unconsciousness of its insecurity.

But I anticipate somewhat, for the painting mainly came later. Meanwhile, father concluded that, during the summers at least, he would make an attempt to subsist by toil of body rather than of brain, and renting the adjoining farm to the north, whose owner wished to busy himself elsewhere, with the help of three boys of working age, commenced the experiment of wringing sustenance from the soil—a rather stoney and barren soil, too. This was only the commencement of our farming experience, for father later on bought an eighty of farming land a mile to eastward, built a house on it, and leaving the Glen temporarily, commenced clearing and breaking, until he had thirty acres under the plough. He varied the work with teaching at St. Francis and letting the boys run the farm, 'till in 1868 Charles rented it. In 1869 the artist life came again to the front, and Charles, then twenty-five years of age, went on a visit to England, Scotland and France. It had long been looked forward to, but the money for the trip had to be slowly accumulated—a work of time and patience as well as industry and self-denial. It is almost needless to say the money was not earned at painting, it was the price of his share of wheat, corn, and potatoes.



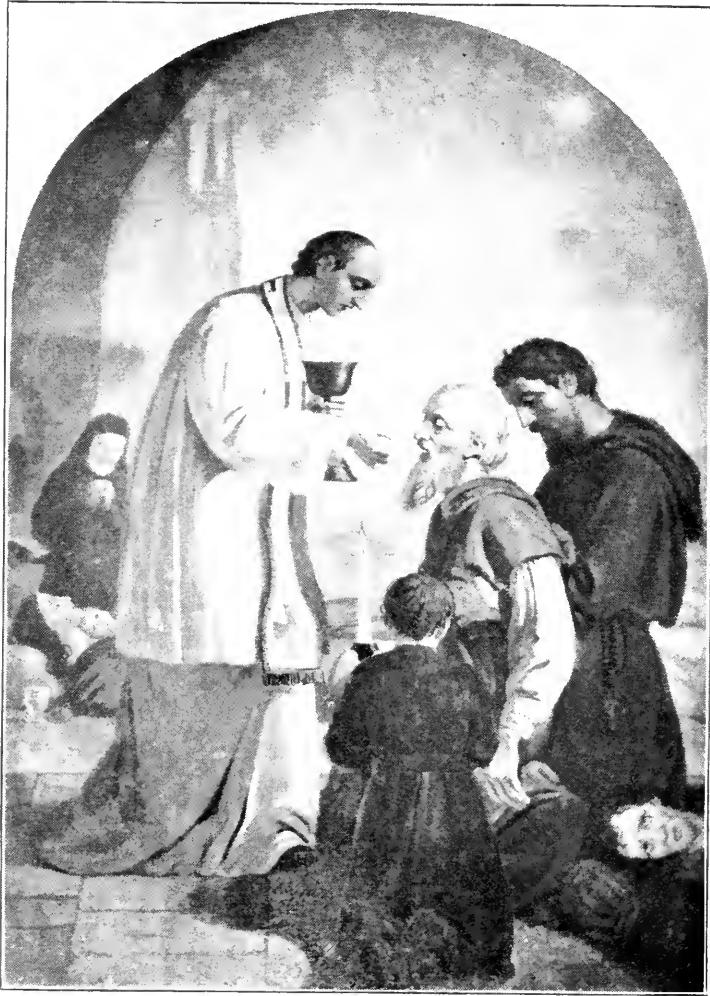
MADONNA OF THE FINGER.



Charles' contempt for money was as absolute as any poet or philosopher could wish, and I distinctly remember that he tied his modest hoard in a piece of common brown paper labeled "poison," *and then lost it* in the garret. It finally turned up, or there is no knowing when he would have got away. Father had a lifelong friend in Manchester, and mother's sister and husband lived not far off, which insured him a home welcome to the land of his birth, and their hospitality added greatly to the pleasure and profit of his sojourn. His route through England and Scotland is now almost forgotten, and can only be pieced together and guessed at by the sketches he made on the way. I can only mention a few of them almost at random.

There was that most wonderful spiral the "Prentice Pillar" from Roslin Castle, Chester Cathedral from St. John's Priory window, and the Priory window itself in all the grandeur of its decay; Manchester, Salford and Prestwich Cathedrals (father and mother were married in the first named), Stirling Castle and a fragment of Roman wall with round tower and staircase. Among the lakes we find Rydal—Derwent—and Brother's waters, and Windermere. The Firth of Clyde furnishes a vigorous side-wheeler under full headway, and New Haven a characteristic bit of rock-bound coast, and natural harbor. The "Striding Edge" Helvelyn, and Montrose (father's birthplace) are mere outlines, but the point of view is perfect. There is also the famous yew tree in ———— churchyard; this he elaborated into a fine oil study in connection with the cathedral, on returning home. There are many more. In the galleries and museums he made his first acquaintance with sculpture and the antique, and tried his pencil on the Three Graces (Canova), Fighting Gladiator, Venus

Disarming Cupid, Ruth, and others. Among his copies from celebrated pictures were Lear and Cordelia (E. S. Ward, R. A.) St. Sebastian (Guido Reni), Head of Christ (Ary Schaefer) and Madonnas by Murillo and Andrea Del Sarto. I need only hint at the odds and ends of an artist's traveling portfolio—the succession of sailors, gypsies, fair women, etc., all to be worked up into pictures some day; they were all there. In Manchester—where he tarried longest—he did some serious work, mentioned elsewhere. Some time after his return from this trip, owing to a slight family jar, he discontinued boarding at home, and retired to the studio on the Glen property, where he had been in the habit of repairing every day to paint. Here he kept “bachelor's hall,” worked hard at his canvases, and read and recited Edgar Allen Poe and other choice spirits of the somber and morbid school. This and the solitude (broken only by our occasional visits) had its effect, and one day James and I found the studio empty, and a note informing us that he had changed his name, forsworn art, and would be henceforth undiscoverable. What reasons of hopeless love prompted this action, we need not inquire. We boys thought it a great joke and envied him exceedingly, but father and mother—especially mother—felt differently. From him on his return we learned that he went first to Summit, Juneau County, thence drifted to Winfield, and finally settled down to work two miles from Baraboo, and hence quite near home. His experiences may be easily imagined. The farmer he sought to hire out to doubted his capacity for work; then when he had proved that he could do a man's share, some spirit of mischief caused him to make known his ability with a pencil, and they doubted him still more in other ways. At his last place near



ST. CHARLES BORROMEEO.

Baraboo, as he had denied himself the pencil, he took to the sister art, and began to write verses. Some of these were accepted and published in the Baraboo Republic, and this led to a congenial acquaintance with the editor himself—Mr. Hill. It was also the ruin of his disguise, and abruptly terminated his masquerade. One of our near neighbors took the Republic, and as “spring poets” were not “as plenty as blackberries” until some years later, he noticed the verses, and the unusual signature attached. Mother saw the paper, felt sure it was Charles, and a visit to Mr. Hill proved she was right. Charles was doubtless tired of his rather aimless, and certainly insipid enough incursion into the domain of the ploughboy, and we welcomed him ere long back again to his studio.

Some years of fruitful creative work intervened here (I was absent much of the time), the Immaculate Conception of Our Lady of Lourdes, and St. Charles Borromeo were painted in 1872 and 1873 respectively, and the Madonna of the Sleep, and Stable of Bethlehem in 1872. In 1874 he painted the set of stations that now encircle the chapel. His last original design that he lived to finish (Madonna del Colombo) was completed in 1875, the year of his death. Sometime during these last years he purchased part of the six acres that Mearns reserved in the southeast corner of the Glen property, he himself excavated and built a stone foundation, raised and finished the superstructure even to the matching of the floor and the making of the window sash and casings, and henceforth, when at home, did all his painting here. I am now using it for my study as I write these pages, and for a gallery in preparing the photo-illustrations. The last time I saw my artist brother alive was in this studio, as I was leaving for

the city. We had embraced, and I stepped out on the rustic porch and fired off the gun I carried in my hand as a parting salute, and with some merry word he wished me "God speed." When next I came back it was to his funeral.

The earth is bountiful to us here in the giving of her fruits. We can go to the maples for sugar and vinegar, to the vine and sunflower for wine and oil, to many kinds of grain and pulse for breadstuffs, and again to the vineyard, the orchard and the berry patch for all the best fruits of the temperate zone. Out of fifty possible food products that this soil will raise, is it strange that one should be a rank poison? It would be stranger were it otherwise. But Charles did not so believe, he could not believe that this loved soil grew anything hurtful, except perhaps the poison ivy and the rattlesnake—the one only half believed in, the other fast disappearing. That in his own garden plot should lurk the fell destroyer, its outward guise a comely golden root, its succulence hiding a quicker death than pestilence or fever, who should expect him to either expect or credit? We all know better now, but that is nothing. Any one smelling of the seductive sweetness of both root and stem of the *sicuta maculata* and then pre-supposing ignorance, will see it all. He, taking his morning constitutional breaking new ground with a grubbing hoe on the marshy border of a young orchard, stumbled on this root, whose stems were now dead, for it was November. Finding it sweet smelling and thinking it edible, he brought some to the house and cooked it for breakfast. He repaired to the studio after eating and mixed his palette for the day (he was at work on an original 11th Station), but so swift was the action



MADONNA OF THE DOVE.

of the poison that he was found insensible within half an hour, and was dead in two hours.

Emerson says that "a man dies and his experience with him" but that is only half a truth, or less. His greatest experiences he shares with us, and gives to posterity for safekeeping. We bury the son, brother, friend—he that was mortal—but his works and his virtues, his lifetime's best experience, live after him.

Though in appearance Charles took after the English side of the house, in temperament he was neither English nor Scotch; his impulsiveness and rashness was more like the French. The "canny" philosophico-theological attitude—always thrust forward but never interfering with business hard-headedness—of the one, or the impassive insularity of the other, were both wanting; but then father is anything but a typical Scotchman. Warm-hearted and unselfish, with a great tenderness for the weaker sex (and he always championed the weak), fitted to make any true woman happy, Charles never married. It seems to my very limited knowledge of a subject that puzzles the wisest heads, that in his excessive modesty and self-depreciation he made the mistake of being willing to marry beneath the station that his abilities entitled him to, and the result was disappointment and heart burnings and a needless and cruel disillusion. The daughters of the people viewed his advances with suspicion or even fear, and instead of appreciating the depth of a nature their shallowness could not understand, were awed and repelled by it. His unhappy love affairs are not worth repeating—let them rest where they are—and as I am not writing of "might-have-beens" I need not speculate on what did not happen, or the chances of a suitable marriage if he

had lived longer. Suffice it to say, that to the loving scrutiny of those nearest to him, he appeared to accept his glorious art as a final and satisfying mistress, and that the world is the gainer for this. That Charles was a fervent Catholic—a real believer—his acquaintances need not be told, and the rest might easily glean it from his handiwork. Religion (phenomenon as rare as his genius) left its daily impress not only on his morals, but on his art as well. Fond of books in his own way, he is the only man that I have known to deliberately burn such as he found he possessed that had been placed on the "index." This is only a straw, but it serves to show which way the smoke flies. He had plenty of small weaknesses—though the so-called small vices he knew no more of than an infant—but he could make enemies quite as quickly as he could make friends, and he knew nothing of the word expediency in cases that touched him at all closely. Yet he was a most lovable and loving man, it was by *not* knowing him that people misunderstood him. But how his whole soul would revolt at this that I am penning; I will close. His gift to St. Mary's of the pines was no less than a life-size copy (without cherubs) of Murillo's well-known Immaculate Conception—a princely donation.

It is a matter for congratulation that almost all Charles' creative work has been kept in the family, and with a tendency to be still further treasured in one unique collection on the very soil that knew the artist and his labors. This is what he would have himself desired; and will be appreciated by all his admirers, much as they might have wished during his lifetime to see his productions hung on the line in the metropolitan



MADONNA OF THE STRAW.

galleries. But now,—now it is different; let the appreciative and the merely curious make the pilgrimage here and see these pictures in this their most fittest setting. Yet many will not come, and many more, coming, still would see through others' eyes; for these I venture with much diffidence on some word of description, however inadequate. And with this disclaimer let me add yet another: In the opinions and views herein put forward I beg that the reader will credit me with the convictions of the enthusiast rather than of the dogmatist, and make other obvious allowances. Unlike the modern Miss who paints plaques and panels, and who never needed to learn to draw, Charles although he went to no school of art, or pursued any course of systematic training in draughtsmanship except the delightfully simple one of continually using a pencil, was, even in youth, almost beyond betterment in freedom and "cleanness" of freehand drawing. This is seen in many ways. His British sketches are "sketchy" but not in the usually accepted sense of waste lines and lack of "finish"; unfortunately they are mostly studies for future elaboration—some of them the barest hint or indication—and though as far as they go they are exquisitely perfect and womanlike, they are too ethereal for satisfactory reproduction; they vanish in the process. The one study in oil that he brought back with him from England (a pheasant) is a pleasing opposite, and for steady truth and elaboration of drawing and coloring, stands among his happiest efforts. The mellow bit of wall and the wandering spray of ivy are perfect in their suggestion of the bird's British home, and the other smaller birds thrown in to fill up and balance the canvas are a study in useful unobtrusiveness. Among his crayon sketches are a number copied from celebrated

Madonnas and single heads in oil, all of doubtful value. To me a copy in color (oil or crayon) of a painting is useless — unprofitable — and not to be compared to a good photograph, which gives light and shade with some degree of truth, and the drawing—the very strokes that go to make up the drawing—with absolute fidelity. His crayon heads from life taken in England, are, on the other hand, charming. This leads me to say, though it may be a semi-digression, that he would have made an admirable illustrator for the magazines; his spontaneity, readily kindled enthusiasm and faculty of laughing with the joyful and mourning with the sorrowful, rendering a sympathetic insight into the author's aims, a foregone conclusion. It was one of his dreams to illustrate father's poems, and in 1867 he commenced with an elaborate ornamental title, and seventeen lovely sketches in India ink, accompanied by nearly thirty of the poems carefully copied off in his own hand. In the future illustrated edition of father's complete works, these illustrations will surely find a place. I have previously hinted that with a view to making his art somewhat remunerative, Charles looked toward portraiture, in crayon or pastel. In the '60's he made a striking and successful likeness of the miller's son, and received, I think, \$5.00. He subsequently did numbers of these heads (simply as potboilers, and at small prices), but as they are scattered over the county, they need not be further mentioned here. What our artist could do in the way of portraiture with the colored crayons is, however, not left to tradition; the north wall of the Glen gallery is wholly given up to a unique collection; the artist, father, mother, and the rest of the children, living and dead, all by the one masterly hand. But portraits, though the highest work of the copyist, give

little play to the painter's noblest faculty of imagination. The "Madonna del Dito" (1869) may be called his first purely imaginative design, and it strikes a sort of keynote to all his subsequent work, for among his comparatively few ideal conceptions, more than half are of the "Virgin Mother"; and he will be known and thought of in the words of his brother and patron, as a "painter of Madonnas." This would doubtless have been even more true had he lived, for only a short time before his death he said, "I only want money enough to live on, and then to paint Madonnas the rest of my life." And to those who knew his extreme simplicity of life, and his unceasing industry, what expectations would have been too sanguine, if it were not that to-morrow is no one's to call his own. Since his conversion to the Catholic faith father had almost entirely exchanged portraits for devotional paintings (altarpieces, heads of saints, Madonnas, stations of the cross), and as his eyesight began to fail, these commissions were sometimes executed jointly by father and son, or turned over entirely to the latter. Thus the number of canvases that Charles worked upon which were practically copies of Delaroche, Murillo, and others, outnumber his ideal designs three to one. Of course original color treatment and arrangement of minor details could and did creep in, and I think that in time the old models would have been entirely cast aside, and every station of the Via Crucis, every saint or sinner, have been an original with the artist; yet the painting of these pot-boilers is to be deplored if they can conceivably be credited with keeping his brush from original work, and only excused on the ground that while "men must work and women must weep," money must be earned by the artist that has "no time to grow rich" as well as by the clodhopper.

The "del Dito" has some things about it that place it apart from all his other Madonnas, and still again some things that we find repeated over and over. The age of the Child—the oldest of all his Infants—and the look of extreme youth and inexperience as well as irresponsibleness almost, in the Virgin, together with the cloud background, are all without parallel in his other works; but the ornamentation of their robes (purple robe gold tracery for the Child, blue robe silver tracery for the Virgin) and the general color treatment, as well as the type of mouth and nose in both, are repeated or hinted at frequently afterward. But it is charming even if it does lend itself easily to criticism, and though its "breeziness" is apt to provoke a smile. And then it is a first work, a first flight on untried wings; which, all duly considered, will be likely to leave us filled with admiration. And our admiration will steadily increase if we follow him for the next six years. I cannot say that any marked progression is to be noticed from one picture to another, they simply all show the bursting of the bonds of the copyist (except when the bond is self-imposed for some good reason), in some sense the perfect equality of absolute freedom. I will not on this account think myself bound to speak of them in the order of their production. Here is one: On the left a semi-twilight vista of tinted cloud-and-sunset sky, and a ghostly tall palm athwart it, give the atmosphere of the East. Back of the group is a wall—mainly in obscurity—at its foot is a hinted-at vine, and up by the dim battlement a white dove hovers. It is called therefrom the "Madonna del Colombo." The chasteness and unity of the design are admirable. The heavy-lidded Virgin with eyes only for the Child—the sturdy little St. John tugging forward into view the pet lamb; the radiant and perfectly childlike delight and



MADONNA OF THE SLEEP.

surprise of the Infant—no discordant note—perfect harmony. The deft arrangement of all the draperies, dispensing entirely with artificial fittings and fastenings, is also to be noticed and commended. And another: The scene is again out of doors, in part of the background is the supporting wall (this time unmistakably in string courses), and it is again the gloaming. Far across a dim lake spanned by a bridge whose arches are faintly mirrored in its bosom "the night cloud had lowered," and the twin palms and the clinging vine between them show in shadowy relief. The face of the Virgin is turned full-eyed towards you, and though the back is partly turned to the sunset the light falls on the face—an artistic license you will cheerfully pardon. The sleeping Babe (who gives the name: "Madonna of the Sleep") is the mystery note in the picture. The dark, yet transparent shadows on the closed lids, the relaxed attitude (the form is nearly sunk out of sight in the Mother's lap) would almost suggest a deeper change than slumber were it not for the dream-flush on the cheeks, and the red parted lips. This Madonna shows Charles at his best as an ideal colorist, and the whole effect is one of richness, from the white netted veil that confines the abundant reddish-brown hair, to the gold-edged cuffs of the linen undergarment; a hint of wealth that is felt at once, and sends us instinctively back to the traditions for verification or correctness. I think this Madonna will always be the favorite with the many, though one critic considers the unnamed one in black and white freeist of faults. I, however, feel that his crowning imaginative work is assuredly the "Immaculate Conception of Our Lady of Lourdes," painted in 1872. I say it well aware of the limitations that he himself put to his imaginative

flight—the faithful following of Henry Lasserre* in the details of vesture—the flow of the lower drapery and the “horned moon” borrowed from Murillo. But the glorified, wrapt face, and the fervor of attitude, as well as the really brilliant color treatment, will, if it escapes the deadly damps and heats of this most trying climate, make it rank among the “old masters” some day.

I hinted at the self-imposed limitations to the fancy of this design; these were always a source of strength with Charles, or at least were always prized as such, as a sort of anchor to keep him from drifting. Notice his adherence to the blue, red-brown, and white drapery in all his Madonnas, the auburn hair, the classic nose. I freely admit that I am something of a Philistine in such matters, and see no reason for a slavish following of any tradition or convention, as the point to be gained is not so much a truthful summary of detail, as an effect; that can be more or less perfectly arrived at by a multitude of paths. The Virgin Mary is, pictorially, either a concrete Jewess in features and dress, invested with the halo of the Blessed Mother of God, or she is an abstract conception of every race and clime, and appealing to many artists and many peoples just through this diversity of type. But I must not follow this lead further, it will take me too far afield. His largest original canvas, and the one containing the most figures,

* “Her garments of an unknown texture, and doubtless woven in the mysterious loom which furnishes attire for the lilies of the valley, were white as the stainless mountain snow, and more magnificent in their simplicity than the gorgeous robe of Solomon in all his glory. * * In front a girdle—blue as the heavens—was knotted halfway round her body and fell in two long bands reaching within a short distance of her feet. Behind, a white veil fixed around her head, and enveloping in its ample folds her shoulders and the upper part of her arms, descended as far as the hem of her robe.” (Our Lady of Lourdes by H. Lasserre.) [Photographic processes not giving true color values—blue showing always too light—the girdle in our illustration is unfortunately almost white.—Ed.]



MADONNA OF THE EMBRACE.

is the St. Charles Borromeo, painted for Rev. Chas. X. Goldsmith of Chippewa Falls, and placed by him in his church there. It represents the saint as laboring among the victims of the plague in Milan.

Charles' first attribute as a designer is grace; he never drew an ungraceful figure. The flow of lines, the harmony of contrast, the perfect balancing of the figures in his pictures all betray it. Father, alluding to him in "A Homesick Rhyme," says, "He catches her (nature's) secret of beauty, her glow, and her gloom, and her grace," and I agree with the first and last—especially the last, but cannot find the gloom. However, when this was written Charles was still a copyist; from nature it is true, but still not a creator. And here perhaps is the explanation of something that will be found influencing the artist's style all through his ideal works. The nature that he had looked upon, and loved, and depicted, had little of the gloom and tragic element in it; it lacked the irresistible might and boundlessness of the ocean, the massive mould and immovability of the mountains, the deathly white, frozen silence of the Arctic Seas, or the rush of the tropical hurricane. And the same in portraiture: a lady sitting for a likeness very rarely wishes to pose as the "tragic muse," neither does a man want to look more forbidding than nature (liberally interpreted by the artist) intended him to do. It is conceivable to me that this lack—as I shall call it—might have been supplied by study of the antique and especially by intelligent and well-directed work in the life schools; but I may be wrong. He had neither, and I am not aware that he ever had any leaning that way. Of the "glow"—in other words the coloring—in as far as he copied from nature, he was a consummate colorist, and

so his crayons, his game and fruit studies and landscapes in oil, and his flowers in water-colors, are the truth of nature itself. Perhaps because his chosen medium for portraiture was not oil, perhaps because his Madonnas were not portraits to the extent that they might, and should have been, to have gained greatly in concrete actuality and force, maybe just simply because he tried to make the Mother's face divinely fair (which is impossible) instead of frankly human with divine expression; whatever the reason, the *texture* of the skin in nearly all of them leaves something to be desired. Instead of a direct idealized portrait of a wife, hired model, or sweetheart, such as the great masters were perfectly satisfied to give (and where the *physical truthfulness* was largely their triumph), he essayed to give us an impersonal spiritual abstraction; and gave us instead—an abstraction certainly, but a material one. But this is little, I simply touch on it to give my friend the *advocatus diaboli* no cause to be offended. These New World Madonnas are unique, and beyond being hurt by criticism; there was not anything in the United States Exhibit at the great Columbian Exposition that even faintly approached their peculiar field, and shoals of the hideous conventional, race-typical, "outré" productions of some of the so-called "great masters" would look barbarous beside them. They must be judged beside the very best—beside Raphael and Murillo. *Then* it will be seen that they have their limitations, but even so, they need never hide their heads in shame. If there is ever an American school of Madonnas, I know of some by-paths that will be religiously trodden, and an epitaph that will not be so much read from the marble cross in the swart pine shade, as from the graceful Madonnas of the Glen.



STUDY IN BLACK AND WHITE.

RECLAIMED FOR A SEASON.

Whoever has read Miss Gertrude Patmore's delightful book entitled "Our Pets and Playfellows"—and all boys and girls, fond of pets, should surely do so—remember the naive assertion, that almost any boy or girl could tell such stories as hers from their own experience. Now, I would feel inclined to modify this statement somewhat. The children of the rich mostly always do have experience with pets (generally tame ones from the dealer), but among the poor, and the comparatively poor, many children derive the largest share of their knowledge of furry and feathery playthings from books. All except those boys and girls who are so situated that they can capture their pets from the woods. I and my brother and sister were thus fortunate.

There is something about a wild pet taken with one's own hands from its sylvan home—a robin from the nest or a rabbit from its huddle—that can never pertain to a parrot or squirrel purchased from a store. The first exciting incident of capture, the caging (the cage is never ready in such instances), the perplexing question of diet, the impatiently looked for signs of more sociable relations, are all alike unique and thrilling. And then the unexpectedness, the variety, the unlooked for docility or incorrigibility of the captives! Whatever it is, that papa or the big brother brings in, whether bear or wolf's cub,

lawk or owl, the children's first idea is "let's tame it." Even the fishes, frogs, toads, and various other insects are confined periodically (and generally temporarily) in shallow pools and miniature stockades by barefooted youngsters; and I heard one confiding to his mate that he had "caught a stilyard but it would'nt stay." What is a stilyard? Well, I do not know its proper name; it is a little black, hard shelled insect that swims about with a peculiar kick of its four, large, flat, transparent paddles on all the streams I am acquainted with.

But now about the cageable pets: the first of the Glen pets I will describe were a pair of robins, taken from the nest before they were old enough to be afraid, and fed on a paste of milk and wheat flour, which had to be poked down their throats at first, with a swab, and washed down with water. This was varied by a paste partly made of grated carrots, and some worms. The "pips" (as we called them from their outcry) thrived beautifully and grew so tame—or rather staid so tame when they grew big—that they could be let out of their cage, and would alight without fear on our shoulders or arms. They soon, however, began to prefer the trees as a roost, and as they quickly discovered that worms were to be found in directions away from their cage, concluded that we were, after all, not necessary to them; and that while still continuing friendly, they would like to enjoy their liberty. The rest can easily be imagined; they drifted farther and farther away and finally disappeared. My brother sighted one of them in a neighbor's dooryard long after, and it flew to him when he called, but refused to be taken prisoner. This is the usual story; only such animals as are

bred to dependence on man can be relied on, not to relapse into their old, wild, free habits. The rest we only reclaim for a season.

At the same time as we had the robins we had a gopher. Our gopher pet was a surprise all around. He surprised himself by getting caught in a box trap set for a chipmunk—his nose, with all the hair and some skin off, was witness of that—and he surprised us by becoming tame inside of twenty-four hours, in spite of his years and his damaged snout.

It all came about through his admiration for dried squash and pumpkin seeds in unlimited quantities. As long as we fed him those he could not believe that we were entirely bad at heart, and pretty soon he welcomed the seed-giving hands even inside his cage; and would sit thereon, on his hind legs, and nibble the edges away from the seed so he could get at the kernel. Then presently the hand—the little fellow still on it—could be withdrawn from the cage, and the beautiful striped creature examined at short range. His nose healed over and became glossy again like the rest of his pretty coat; and he fought no more with the wires of his cage. We called him "Old Bogue." But he was too tame; we tired of him and gave him his liberty.

One day he turned up again in a trap set for blue jays. We knew him by his nose and his unmistakable, give-me-a-pumpkin-seed air. It was comical: through the whole of that summer we alternately trapped and released him, and I really do not know which he enjoyed the most, nor which we did last!

In the haymaking and the harvest time, young grey rabbits come to the front as possible pets. They are seldom tamed, but amuse the little folks for a few

days and are then appropriated by the cat. We had one however that lived with us until nearly full grown. Bunny was caught when very, very young in the wheat stubble, and was brought up along with the pink-eyed and long-eared pets that my brother fancied. Grey Bunny grew almost as tame as White Bunny—at a distance—but never got used to being handled; of course his ears were too short for lifting purposes. I have not much to tell about him, only that he still survives—stuffed—in the Glen cabinet.

Of all our wild pets only one did not grow in the least tame, and that was my red fox. Perhaps he was too old when trapped, for I know that I have often heard of tame foxes. The box containing him was sent to me by express, and I called at the depot for it. I was on foot and the depot was six miles from home. How ever should I carry it? The box and all was too heavy, and the fox cub, though he had a collar and chain on, was pretty savage. I started to lead him and all went well at first; but he finally got so tired trying to get away from me, that I had to drag him. After doing this for a while I became afraid he would die, so I went into a house and begged an old trousers leg, and put Foxey inside of that, with his little sharp black nose just peeping out at one end of the bundle. I then took him under my arm and got home nicely.

A large cage of stout white oak saplings was prepared; and when he was gnawing at his collection of bones or hopelessly pacing the floor, he exercised his teeth on the cage. For he never got any tamer. He hungered unceasingly for the woods, and held nightly communion with his fellows of the hills, bark-

ing and howling the night away. But he ate the food I furnished him, and grew fat, until at last I decided to give him his liberty, and break in a young fox hound on his trail. I gave him a reasonable start—a running chance for his life—but he was too fat. The hound overhauled him, and it was soon all over with poor foxey. "Cooney" comes next.

Father found him whimpering for his mother (who had likely been shot) in the "cleuch" or "cooley" that runs back from the stables, and tapped him on the head with a stick. Cooney recovered consciousness, however, and remembered his appetite when brought to, and was fed with a spoon until he learned to lap the milk himself. He grew strong and heavy as a young bear before long, and was perfectly tame as far as fear of us was concerned, though his instincts were as savage as ever. One day he came into collision with a hen and her chickens, and the hen—as a mother hen will—showed fight. Cooney took it very coolly,—business was business with him;—he just gathered the shrieking hen in his fore paws and commenced to eat a hole in her side. He was dreadfully put out when we rescued her from his clutches, more dead than alive, and debarred him from a hunt for the scattered and panic-stricken brood of chickens. Another time he took it into his head to climb a tree, and refused to come down when called. It was coming on night, so I took a ladder and went up after him. I got hold of him by his beautiful, long, ringed tail, and compelled him to back down. By the time I reached the ground his eyes were fairly green with anger, and when I grabbed him by the nap of the neck, it took all my strength to save me from being bitten. I threw him suddenly into an

empty barrel and clapped on the lid, and left him there all night to cool off. He was as peaceable as a lamb in the morning, but we began to doubt if, after all, he was a desirable pet amongst chickens and children, and so got rid of him.

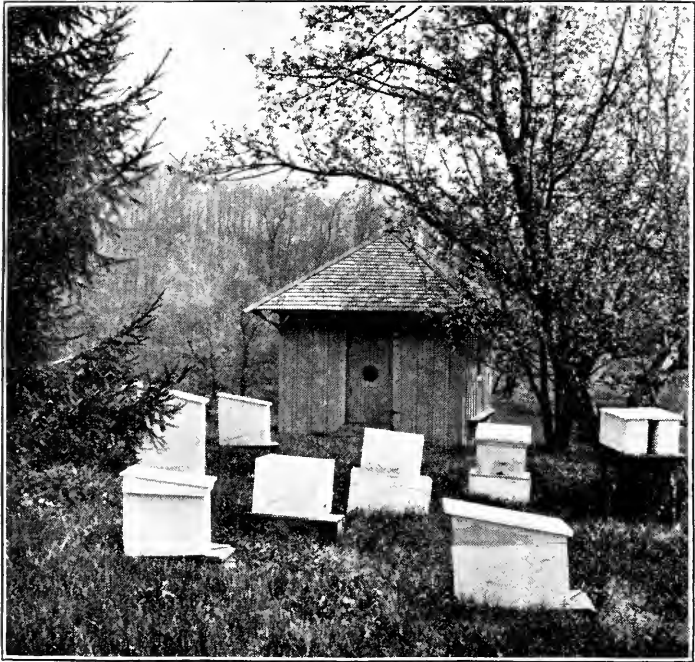
Our largest and most expensive pet—one that we did not capture—was a beautiful large-eyed fawn. Father brought her from the city, lying like a poor sheep driven to the butcher, in the bottom of the farm wagon. At first we thought she was dead with the heat, and dust, and jolting, but she was all right as soon as her feet were untied, and she was supplied with grass and water. What dark, lustrous eyes she had, to be sure, swept with long, drooping eye-lashes. She early captured the eye and pencil of my artist brother (he purchased her from father later), and the illustration representing our little sister hanging about her neck is his work. I, too, tried to sketch her, but she would not keep still enough for my boyish pencil, and I had no camera. Accustomed by nature if not by any prolonged experience to the limitless freedom of the pathless forest, she did not take very kindly to her "paddock," and was fain to prove both her independence and her amazing agility by an occasional flying leap over the double stake and rider that stood between her and freedom. On one of these occasions she cleared all the fences between her yard and the public road, and started off down the valley. I was sent by a short cut to head her off, and by means of much barking and shouting, turned her back. She came flying into the dooryard with her tail spread like a terror-stricken rabbit, and was made much of, but another rail was also quietly added to the "paddock" fence. Though perfectly

tame, and apparently fond of handling, she did not hesitate to use her sharp-hoofed feet as weapons and to compel the gift of dainties, so that sister going into the yard without a supply was once nearly struck down and seriously injured in this way. But our acquaintance with this fleet-footed and intelligent creature ended abruptly; the gate was left unfastened, and she glided off and away over the hills, where the people did not know her, and was shot. "Yes! we saw she was tame," the murderer said, "but we thought it was because she was crazy!" Charles recovered her head and made a life-size head-and-shoulders study of it in oil.

These were our "very own" pets, but my interest did not stop here. I partly owned—in appreciation at least—the pets of all my boy friends. Sometimes it was an owl that I trudged miles to "glower" at through the bars of his cage, it might be a family of squirrels, or a solitary black one. One of my taxidermist friends had a large out-door coop containing, at the time I am writing of, a crow, a red-tailed hawk and a large horned owl. They lived quite a while as a "happy family," but the owl finally made a midnight lunch of his companions, though the hawk at least was nearly if not quite his size. This impudent performance was equaled if not surpassed by a screech owl. He was caged with a woodchuck that he thought would be good eating, only his skin was tough. The owl used to ride around the cage clinging to the terrified creature's back, but unable to pierce his hide with claws or bill.

The taming of wild pets throws a side light on what will happen when the habitable earth is all settled, and such animals are extinct as cannot inhabit

it jointly with man. The rest will certainly modify their habits greatly in relation to the human race. But what will the pet-loving youngster do?



WINTER AT THE GLEN.

Who shall say at what day or what hour the autumn passes?

Like the watcher at the bedside of the departing, whose life, rounded and ripe and ready for the Reaper, peacefully lingers, after the "fitful fever" is past, and the workday account closed, whose breath, coming, going, hesitating, going, coming, until no bent-down ear may catch its indrawing, or mirror moisten with its outgoing, until—though the watcher knoweth it not—life has gone hence, so we look on the landscape, the vestureless fields, the naked trees and hedgerow, the garnered grain, the silence of the departing songsters, the lessening journey of the day-god, the deepening night-chill, but are loath to say: "The season is dead, it is now winter."

And how indeed can we know when the sap last mounted to the top of that patriarchal oak, before it returned to the ground, or congealed in its cells; who indeed saw the last leaf fall. Not till the frost fetters the earth and the water, and invades the regions of the air, do we acknowledge the rout of the autumn, and the grim reign of the frost-king.

In various guise, in manifold disguise he steals quietly amongst us, stormily rushes or swiftly pounces down upon us, or is dragged hither apparently against his will, and all the time protesting that he will not reign over us,—not he! Perhaps the autumn

mists condense into a rainstorm, and the rain towards nightfall congeals into sleet, and the morning finds wood and field bound hand and foot like a paralytic; not dead, but helpless. At earliest rising we glance anxiously at the pines. Ice-fettered, they moan dismally, and rock heavily to and fro on the edge of the precipice; stiff as to their needles, yet with their roots seemingly less securely anchored than usual, in the but superficially frozen soil.

What if the wind should arise? The morn would doubtless see the pine hill like a partially dismasted ship, some slender spar or other splintered and prone, and an ugly ragged gap in the devoted fringe. It has been even so in my time. A long siege of sleet may also so load the branches of the more brittle and unyielding forest trees, that the weighted limbs are torn with the report of great guns from the parent stem, forked and spreading trees are split in twain, and our own Lombardy poplars stand, almost bare poles, in the centre of a confused heap of lopped twigs and branches. These are the days when neither man, bird, or beast finds the woods a pleasant highway, and when the wilderness howls and growls loud enough to satisfy even Thoreau. Or, perhaps the naked woods, and the dried, sapless grasses, take on over night, softly, silently, without hurry and yet with all speed, the lovely mantle of the ermine; and if indeed *he* has not yet changed his summer coat, he will forthwith hide himself. If the flakes are dry and powdery, the pines and other evergreens retain but little; but if moist, each pine and spruce stands motionless, a white pyramid; until the wind and sun dislodge the snow, and release the almost pendant branches. When the sun shines in the morning after



THE WINTER PINES.

one of these great damp snowfalls, the sight is dazzling; every flake a prism lavishly dispensing brilliants, every nook or dell an intricate fairyland of white lights and blue, transparent shadows.

And yet again the snow comes to us as after due preparation, and with oft-repeated warning. The morning sky is grey, noon and night the same, and thickening. It looks like snow. A fitful wind, apparently not knowing its own mind, gives a few uncertain sighs, and dies down entirely. The following morning is greyer, the greyness now extending to the hills on the distant horizon. "Is it going to snow?" first, then, "is it snowing?"

By noon it is surely snowing, but so fine are the flakes, that, though the ground is indeed white, the opinion is hazarded that it will not be much of a fall. But the sands of the seashore are as nothing to the billions of flakes that fall, fall, day and night, night and day, imperceptably thickening always, drifting somewhat perhaps on the fields and prairie lands, piling up inch by inch in the woods. The rabbit, the partridge, the squirrel, the quail, will hardly stir out for four days and nights; the rabbit safe in its burrow, the squirrel in its hollow tree, and the birds buried in the snow itself, with heads and feet drawn in amongst their thickest feathers. When the storm is over, and the hungry fox or hunter essays to find them, they will burst like bombshells from their snowy prison house, and go whirring away beyond his ken, and when at sufficient distance, let their momentum bury them in the snow once more. I used to shoot them in their snowy retreats in the old days, with only the sunken surface to guide me to their probable location. But the old winter blockup

of four feet "or better" is only a tradition now, and the ground of late years is not infrequently bare of snow until Christmas.

Our winter temperature here is also changing, is beautifully changeable, or most uncomfortably capricious as the case may be; though, incidentally, the sheltered Glen fares well in all weathers. First, we have the "cold snap" of perhaps three truly Arctic days and nights, heralded and guaranteed by the appearance of the "pillar sunrise."

This is the way of it: The breeze, or rather steady breathing from the northwest, ceased entirely at sundown, and the smoke arose straight and in a thin column from the chimney. For a while the fires in the house seemed to diffuse a more generous heat (this on account of the stillness), but soon the cold began to lurk in the far corners, to hover around the window blinds, to creep adown one's back as he sat facing the fire. Outside, the thermometer stood at ten above, the stars blazed bigger and brighter than usual, and the sharp, pessimistic staccato of a way-faring fox on the hills set the farmhouse dogs to barking fitfully for a season. The perfect stillness of the long night was only broken by an occasional terrific "crack" from the shrinking timbers of the roof or walls, and the dolorous hooting of a couple of owls towards morning. An hour before sunrise the mercury sank to twenty-two below,—*I* was not there to see it, mind you. The advent of the sun was preceded and announced by a pillar of light, that towered above his head till long in the morning, and on either side of him, at some considerable distance,—perhaps ten degrees,—stood two colored sundogs.

It was a weird spectacle. In the kitchen I noticed the knives and spoons stuck to one's fingers if they happened to be damp, though the kettle was boiling for breakfast near by.

But if the Glen is visited by one or more cold snaps during the four months' winter, it very often sees the January thaw, too. Its coming is not strictly confined to January, neither is it limited to only one way of appearing on the scene. Perhaps it is just dazzlingly bright winter weather for many days at a stretch, always getting a trifle milder, until the earth begins to peep through the snow on the hill-sides facing the south, and the stream, freed of its ice by the rising volume of water, hurries along more noisily down the valley, tinted more or less with vegetable dyes and sediment. The restraining frost each night keeps the earth from getting unduly soft underfoot, so by and by the snow has all disappeared without a complete breakup of the roads, or a damaging freshet. This is what father calls a "blessed thaw." The more common and characteristic appearance of the thaw, however, is a landscape wrapped in damp mist for morning after morning, a threat of rain continually in the air, a stillness that brings to our ears the hoarse murmur of the swollen stream, and perhaps the stroke of a distant axman, or the toot of the many-miles-away locomotive at Merrimac, Portage, or Baraboo. The caw of the crow and the familiar screaming of his near relative, the blue jay, speak of the pleasures and advantages of bare earth as a feeding ground for them, but the marsh becomes a quagmire and the meadow a quaking bog to the feet, and the clayey roads are soon impassible. Then comes the rain, rain, rain, and the earth is a mudpie

underneath the turf, which by the by begins to look suspiciously green. "A green Yule makes a fat Kirkyard" mumbles the old dame over her knitting, and the frequent colds and sore throats are a probable corroboration. How many species of birds winter at the Glen? "Perhaps about six," ventures the unobserving. The naturalist takes out his pencil and gives on the spur of the moment the following partial list: Partridge, Raven, Quail, Blue Jay, Chicadee, Red-bellied Nuthatch, White-bellied Nuthatch, Lesser Redpoll, Hairy Woodpecker, Downey Woodpecker, Crow, Gosshawk, Coopers Hawk, English Sparrow, Snowy Owl, Virginia Horned Owl, Red or Screech Owl, Barred or Wood Owl, Long-eared Owl, Winter Wren, Snow Bunting, Cedar Bird, Bohemian Wax Wing, White-winged Cross-bill, Pine Grossbeak, Shore Lark, Black Snowbird.

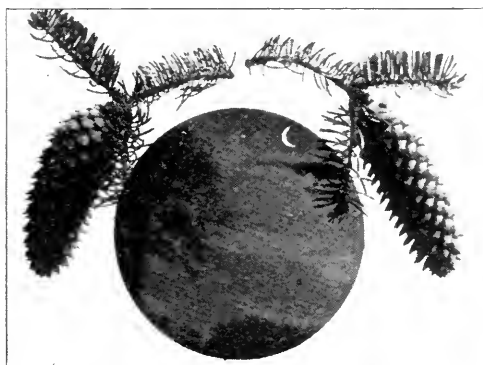
But whether cold or warm, winter drives rural life indoors, and more especially so at the Glen. The semi-weekly mail is the one link that binds us to the busy activity that knows not the difference between winter and summer, rain or shine, night and day; and we may perchance rejoice that our connection with the sleepless modern demon is so slight. Here we can peep into the ever-living minds of the immortal dead, or dip at leisure into the modern arena of thought in the pages of the multitudinous magazines and newspapers, or yet study the faces in the fire. The circle of faces around our fireplace has been fluctuating, narrowing, with the procession of the years; now four, now three, now two, and again three. But nowhere else can we better recall the complete circle of eight, for if we fail to recall them with the mind's eye in the embers, a glance at



STUDY IN PASTEL.

the walls will reveal all their portraits, painted in oil by the father. Mostly as children though,—and happily—as the dreams of the mother always picture, not their maturity, but their childhood.

The four months, like its snows, are dissipated in due season ere we realize it. We begin to turn listlessly from the magazines and periodicals—the literature of the winter—and have a reviving interest in the tempting catalogues of the nurserymen, and the seedsman and florist. Our thoughts are all of to-morrow. A whiff of warm rain overnight, a sunrise murmur of brooks and birds, and doubts and fears are emotions of yesterday; it only needs the voice of that phoebe bird on garden stake or gable-head, or the gleeful frolic of those robins in the meadow, to proclaim aloud the inspiring refrain: "It is Spring."



A STAG OF TEN, OR, THE VANISHING GAME.

Over our front window for many years there branched a stately pair of antlers ten pronged. They had been proudly borne aloft among the oaks, carried over Indian graves, dipped to the surface of the stream, and locked in mortal combat many a time on these very hills by the original fleet-footed owner; and since he lost them with his life in the wooded amphitheater to the northward, they have journeyed long miles,—to Milwaukee and back,—and now grace my study—a mute but potent reminder of the vanished and vanishing game.

Looking back a bit we cannot fail to see good reasons for our loss. The honey bee, and the white man always close behind, gather a vaster and more varied store for a more populous and industrious hive than sufficed for and satisfied the red man and the bumble bee, so the deer, black bear, beaver, wolf, wildcat, badger and others either have disappeared altogether, drifted further north and west, or have become extremely shy and scarce. The birds are naturally less affected by the resistless tide of settlement and civilization, but the passenger pigeons have gone, no one knows whither, and some other species are on the eve of following. We may spare ourselves useless regrets,—their going was inevitable—we cannot eat a cake and have it, too. One theory of their

disappearance says we did actually eat the pigeons: but of this there is small proof. We ate pigeons;— I shot and ate my share; but who that has gazed on those interminable blue-grey-purple-violet lines athwart the sky as the millions of rustling wings winnowed there way northwest, or that has seen their vast breeding camps, can even in fancy see their final and abrupt end in a potpie!

The Glen and its vicinity has indeed been much loved as an abiding-place by all the native fauna. Some of the disappeared and disappearing races made a last stand here, and all the wild life that yet finds elbowroom and sustenance alongside of the white man and his outfit are met with on every hand. But of some of these I have already spoken; it is rather an epitaph I would now write: the epitaph of the bear and the beaver.

The last beaver's dam is yet visible (1896) between here and the milldam; when I first saw it in 1864 or thereabout, some of the original logs placed across the bed of the stream itself were apparently still in place, and the long mound of the wing dam was only cut down and leveled slightly where the cattle had a path across it. Now a share of it has been almost obliterated by the plough and harrow, and the spring freshet or the summer flood no longer rousts out the pudgy four-footed engineers, to strengthen their threatened defences by the gleam of the lightning. I occasionally close my eyes and let my imagination repair and flood the long dismantled structure, and people it with the flat-tailed amphibian rodents, but not often; my thoughts rather wander after those animals that I have really seen here, though they appear to have gone now never to return. The last recorded black

bear was a little before my time, yet I have seen part of his skin in a fur cap. But I have gloated over the story of the killing, as told by the redoubtable hunter and raconteur himself, and can point out the place among the white birches close to where the chapel now stands. The sportsman was stalking some deer near the north end of the fringe of pine trees, and though he was sure they did not see him, they snorted, and ran down and across the brook, and up the western acclivity of the Glen. He guessed from this that something unusual had startled them, and, moving forward, came face to face with bruin. After he had emptied his gun, it became a knife versus claw encounter.

"Our noses were both pretty long, and they came rather close together," is what our sportsman declared he observed as the bear arose on his hind legs with intend to hug, but the knife proved the better weapon, and bruin bit the dust.

The "stag of ten" whose antlers I possess was probably contemporary with old Mearns, and was one of the band butchered by the man Owls, who formerly lived adjoining the Glen on the north. That was a winter such as we do not see now: the snow over four feet deep on the level, and crusted so a man could run over the frozen surface without snowshoes. The unlucky deer sank to the belly at every futile bound, and the cruel crust did practically hamstring them. The rest is soon told: they were overtaken and their throats cut—no useless waste of powder and ball; butchered as it were to make a backwoods carnival. For a *carnivale*—a farewell to meat—it was in regard to that kind we call vension, no deer having been killed, that I know of, near here since. One young doe has been twice seen

by myself; I started her the first time from her couch among the oak saplings, and then again saw her feeding on the fall wheat near sunset. This was between 1870-75. A stag was killed while swimming Devil's lake some years later; killed against the law in the summer; its beautiful horns—of fifteen prongs, I have been told—still in the velvet. This is what materially hastens the extinction of our larger game, this murdering on the sly in the close season, and the indiscriminate, though legalized, slaughter by pot-hunters and sportsmen.

Of course the deer have enemies besides man, the wolves amongst others. In the early years a number of the Glen flock of sheep and lambs were sacrificed to these same ugly freebooters, being killed and eaten right on the premises. It was during this time that I saw one on an adjoining field reluctantly desert a half-devoured ewe, as my brother and I and our shepherd dog "Don Sancho" appeared on the scene. Although Don strained every sinew, he could not overtake the fleet-footed grey rogue, and he vanished over the hill. This was the last I saw or heard of wolves for some years, till in 1875, I think, a pack came down the valley, and tarried over winter. I was quite close to them one night, and their howling entirely demoralized the degenerate successor to our brave Don, who accompanied me. One adult and several cubs were captured by professional scalp-hunters, and since then the wolf's howl is not heard here any more.

In 1880 or thereabout I mounted a fine lynx. It was not captured near the Glen, but some years before, as Charles cooked some meat in the open air just south of what is now (1896) the raspberry patch, one came down the cleuch, evidently attracted by the savory

smell, and tarried quite a while within easy gunshot, screaming in a blood-curdling manner all the time. It was too dark to see it, but the scream was considered sufficient identification. The lynx, however, has never been reported very plentiful in this locality, and, like the eagles, is rather to be considered an accidental visitant, than a once common but now banished resident. The wildcat has always been our typical representative of the *felidæ*. It has not entirely disappeared even at this writing, finding a last refuge and retreat in the rocks that culminate in the Devil's lake cliffs. Those vast rumbles of detached blocks of quartzite, the taluses of, more especially, the east bluff, are really vast labyrinths, through which a wildcat can pass almost at will; and wild pussy has made herself entirely at home there. Nothing short of dynamite will dislodge her, and—the available supply is insufficient. During the blasting at Devil's Nose some years ago, a wildcat was startled from her lair far up the face of the bluff by one of the terrific explosions, but quickly found another retreat. My one personal experience with pussy also ended in the lake bluffs, and though I never saw her, but only *heard* her within a few feet of my face, I feel I can claim a slight acquaintance. I was out with the dog after a new fall of snow, and we picked up the trail a mile to the north of the Glen, and as it was not very fresh I started to follow it, leading the dog. A few rods further on the cat had overtaken a rabbit, and, after breakfasting, had doubled, and started home. With eyes always fixed on the trail we followed through the brush for hours and hours, till distance and direction were both entirely lost track of. The trail at length was joined by another, and the two cats had amused themselves by

racing up and down small trees, gamboling over stumps and stones, and in all had betrayed such an abandon as proved conclusively that they had felt perfectly secure, and were doubtless very near home. Then, amongst the confusion of tracks I caught sight of one that was absolutely fresh—made just a moment before—and it led into a lair in the rocks near by. The dog became panic-stricken, so I peered into the cave, and heard pussy's feet stirring the gravel as she descended deeper into it. The dog stood beside me barking and bristling and frothing at the mouth, but could not be induced to enter. The hunt was evidently over; the next question was, where were we? I mounted to the nearest rising ground and climbed a tree, and found we were on the north face of "east bluff" Devil's Lake, and some miles from where I supposed we were. The wearisome tramp home extinguished temporarily much of my interest in the wildcat, and as my hunting days are now over, it is some years since I saw the track of one.

It has come to my ears lately that the badger has almost entirely disappeared. It has never been anything but rare here in my time, and indeed I have never been in a locality where it was common, and have never seen one alive in its native freedom, though I have mounted several. The only one I have record of for this vicinity, was killed on the Glen property by a neighbor's dog in the seventies. As the badger's skin is not valuable, and as the beast is perfectly harmless, it seems strange to me that it should not find a retreat in the considerable sand barrens of the state, but I suppose the cutting away of even the indifferent grey pine and black oak scrub for firewood has caused it to retire to safer solitudes.

A queer procession passing in review before my mind's eye, is that of the birds and beasts I have seen just once perhaps, long years ago. The two pelicans on the Portage marsh,—one white, one cream-colored,—the gracefully sailing and circling swallow-tailed kite, with the sun gleaming on his snowy head, the three bald eagles hovering over the tamarack swamp, the pair of gigantic owls that I hunted for an entire summer without securing either a shot at or an identification, though I learned to imitate their strange cry, and had decoyed one to my very feet in the thicket where I was hiding, the vigilant and unapproachable pileated woodpecker, that darted from pine to pine ahead of me as I breathlessly followed it, are some of them.

Then there was a season or two when the goshawk was our commonest bird of prey, and I shot and mounted some fine specimens; there was a season of black squirrels, and again a winter, where in a certain locality the American raven, "rare east of the Mississippi," superceded the common crow, and I secured seven successful shots; but these all might only be the result of little understood and eccentric migration. One winter the Bohemian waxenwings visited the Glen in large numbers, another, the pine grosbeaks, still another the crossbills. The sportsman may smile at my list of game, but let him smile; they will all be game some day; I do not forget the changed status of the squirrel and the rabbit, or that when we first shot and ate squirrels in the sixties, our neighbors remarked that they would just as soon eat rats.

There are two or three points to be kept in view when speculating on the obvious, and the possible



GENERAL VIEW OF GLEN.

survivals, viz., fecundity, cunning, and adaptability to changed conditions of environment. Thus the fox and the crow still remain with us and thrive; the rabbit and the woodchuck, though the most timid of beasts, and the former an easy prey to gun, tooth, and claw, are in no danger of extermination; and the cliff swallows, far from regretting rocky ledge or hollow tree, has now no instinct, even, for anything but the eaves. A wonderful study it is, this survival of some and extinction of others. Certain it is that the strength of rhinoceros and elephant, the fleetness and incredible numbers of the passenger pigeon and the springbok, the comparative insignificance of the quail, avail them nothing. Change, change; even the complexion of the deep sea fisheries is changing.



SURCEASE AND SURVIVAL.

Today I took a long walk along a route well traveled in my trapping and hunting days, but which since then has been unvisited, though close at our doors. As I crossed the boundary line and entered the unused road, I noticed, together with its increasing narrowness, that it was crossed at intervals by dead saplings, sometimes in considerable numbers. Examining their butt ends I saw that they had not been cut down but had been grubbed out—yes—literally grubbed out, by the hand of time, after having been strangled by the growth of their kindred. The young woods were full of these perished weaklings, and they had all died since last I set foot amongst them. This was in a summer midnight, and I was crossing from the other way, feeling my way from trunk to trunk in pitchy darkness, guided only by my sense of direction and the dip of the land underfoot. I had been down on the river with my brother and on the return trip the current and the absence of a favorable breeze had baffled our boatman, so that when we reached these woods—at least when we entered them—no light reached us from the sky. I piloted the way through all right, however, and on coming out on the Glen side was guided by the murmur of the brook.

On this trip today as I approached the opposite dip of the ridge a smoky shimmer through the trees brought me to a realization of a new clearing, and

through it, to the right, straggled a lately made and used road, leading to the hills. It was going nearly my way, so of course I followed it. On its way it passed near a hollow tree that used to shelter the diurnal sleep or meditation of a Virginian-eared owl; he was not at home, however, had probably moved for the benefit of his health and change of air. The road finally led me to a broad plateau; the last time I had seen it heavily wooded with oak, now an oat field fenced with barb wire. It was the brow of this plateau that was my destination; where the huckleberries used to grow; where I used to flush the feeding partridges, and once came on a pair of lovers, oblivious alike of the fine view, of me, and of the berries. Where are they all now? The lovers have been married, divorced, married again, finally shipwrecked; there remains not a vestige of the huckleberry patch, so the partridges do not return; only I return to admire the smoky view of the valley which still remains the same. A rocky gully that gives off southward from the tableland is next visited. It used to contain a small cave or wolf's den that I have crawled into many a time when I was small enough to squeeze through the narrow entrance, turn round inside with a feeling that I was doing great things, and then make a hurried exit for fear the wolf or wildcat would catch me. Today, though I found the butternut that used to shade the entrance, the cave itself had vanished. The rocky well, cave and all, had been quarried away to build a huge barn in the valley, and the briars, and dewberries, and black raspberries sprawled all over the ruins. And this has all happened as it were since yesterday! If I were to come back here forty years from now (I would then be only my father's age), what would I

find that I could extend a hand to and say, "I used to know you"? This led me to thinking of other changes and survivals, some of them strange enough to a backward view of even thirty years; full of speculation to a most casual forward view. The race evolution of a neighborhood, the social evolution, the future, all appealed to me, all demanded consideration. Consider it, when father beached his boat on the Wisconsin river's wild bank and hid his oars in the sedge in '60, the first human figure that greeted his eyes as he mounted the rise toward civilization was the stalwart bulk of a tartan clad Scot outlined against the sunset glow. Father's broad accent has long since been educated away (if he ever had any), but it must have seemed homelike to come upon the tartans, and hear a rough but hearty voice "speering" after his wants and destination. The sturdy clansman offered to be the guide himself, saying,—

"I'm afeard ye'll no make it oot onless I gang wi ye," and the three-mile tramp in the gloaming to Prentice's was made in his company.

When they reached there the miller and his family were all in bed according to good country custom, but when Martin D. spoke a head was thrust out of a window and the miller exclaimed joyfully,—

"Man, how is it I ken that vice sae weel."

And so it was all around, the name of the township and postoffice betrayed it, the names of the children—Alec, Sandy, Jeanie. When we all finally reached the neighborhood to make it our home, and our old mare Nell was in need of hay, David (long a) B. supplied the want, remarking,—

"It's guid hei, tak a lock o't and gie it to the powny."

Yes, the whole valley was tenanted by Scotia's sons; there were Irish to the west of us on the flinty, stony ridge towards Devils Lake, and there were Germans around somewhere I suppose, but they have absolutely no place in my earliest recollections of that time. Later, when Adam B. moved away, J. G. S. came into his house. A mutual love of flowers (who *do* love flowers and kitchen gardens like the German women?) brought Mrs. S. and myself together, and a visit to her window garden, and the triumphant return with a precious slip, are among my boyish red-letter days. We were living on the farm then, and the Glen was tenantless. Our two nearest neighbors, Sailor B. and Old Man S., were "old salts" who talked of Ivor McKivor and had made intimate acquaintance with ship's rum and select vocabulary, which they translated into a jug of "McGinn's best" from Portage, and the local forms of profanity for present everyday use. And though they had sailed the seas together for many years, and had settled adjoining each other, they were constantly quarreling, and brought up their children to the same pastime. What stories they told of each other to sympathetic or malicious listeners! What stories they told of themselves—these last the more incredible.

B—'s property lay alongside of ours, so father had a good chance to know him for just what he was. He had the reputation of being the bully of the neighborhood, of being able to brag the loudest, drink the most Scotch whiskey and still preserve the perpendicular (always expecting his brother Duncan) to set the pace in profanity, use of tobacco, number of rows he was in, and general nerve—he had been known to say that he had nerve enough to hang his own father. And

he was of fine appearance: six feet tall, coal black beard, a commanding presence, and a basso profundo voice.

And what a worker!

Many acres of trees and saplings had indeed to bow beneath the sturdy stroke of his grub hoe, wielded with bare bronzed arms through the hot summer. But the science of farming was in its infancy among the bulk of these Scotch tillers of the soil, that had come from the sea, and the factory, and an entirely different set of conditions, to raise wheat and corn in a strange soil and new country. Little they studied the varied crops and careful rotation, the intelligent subsoiling and fertilizing, that alone assure a crop to their successors; but then the land was new and generous and the seasons were better. Poor old S. had planted spring wheat on the same patch successively for thirteen years—just think of it! Now no single bushel of spring wheat is grown in all this fertile valley, and no farmer worthy of the name plants over twice in succession the same crop on the same field.

And there was the miller, father's first friend in the neighborhood, *he* experimented at farming; he and his large family of boys. The success of the experiment can be vaguely judged from his answers to a number of queries as to whether farming paid.

Did wheat pay?

"Losh man no; it might if it were no for the rust and the chinch bugs, and the smut—and aint it kerious, all my wheat last year was No. 3 and 'rejected'—no, wheat don't pay."

Does corn pay?

"No, not as well as wheat; you see it brings no price, for people won't eat much of it, and it is no use

here except to fat hogs. But, man, it is the food staple of this country if the people only knew it."

How's hogs?

"They eat more than they's all worth—that is if you feed them—if you let them run they break into your neighbor's crops; no, hogs never paid."

Chickens?

"Man aint it kerious, eggs sell for a cent apiece, and I figured up that if you buy your hens, count what the skunks, hawks and minks kill, and pay market prices for grain, the eggs will cost you five cents apiece by time you get them to market."

What does pay then?

"Nothing seems to pay its lane, taken all together they pay."

Is this philosophical wisdom, or arithmetical folly?

However, the genial miller lost his fine farm and the mill that was the pride of his heart, and went West, so I doubt if even "taken all together" they paid him.

And whether farming paid them or not, how the old Scotch settlers are scattered to the four winds! David B. and old S. have both gone on their last long cruise, so have T. and C. and B—e and F. and Daddie R. How picturesque they were in many ways, beside the newer generation! C., crusty and dogmatic, referring to one of his neighbors "wadna care if he'd tak tellin, but he'll no tak tellin," B. shrewd and philosophical, with sons at college always drawing on their father's purse, declared, "It's all weel ennugh while bairns soock their mither, but when they begin to soock their father (broad a) it's na sae guid."

There was something tragical yet droll too about T. and his story. With one of the first pick farms of

the valley and the biggest barn of any of his neighbors, he could not see a clevis or log chain within reach of his hand as he passed along the road (so it was said) but he "lifted" it, transferred it to the safety of his own wagon box. These things gradually found him out, and his reputation was rather spotted. He sold father a fine looking ram, but a ram that was mortally sick at the time and died soon after. But even the thief and rogue is susceptible of flattery, and likes to stand well with *some* one. Father went to him and said, "Now T., whether justly or unjustly, you have not the best of reputations, they say you knew that ram was sick, give me another one and I shall let it be known to your credit."

T. did it!

Things did not thrive with him, though, even after this temporary return to the straight path, and he bethought him to burn his house for the insurance. But he overreached himself through greed of saving, he moved his things out first, and this was proved on him, so he had to go to jail if no one would go his surety. Crying like a big soft boy, he sought Daddie R. and begged him to be his bail.

"No T.," said Daddie, "I might have done it, but since that trick of the bees, I have done with you."

It seems that Daddie had bought some swarms from T. but was to let them stand until fall before moving them. They were quite heavy with honey when he purchased them, but when he called for them, lo! they were exceedingly light. Now whether T. or neighboring swarms had been the robbers does not appear, but Daddie thought he knew whom the shoe fitted (he had a foot of nearly the same size himself). Yet he *did* bail T. out, and took (he was a money

lender) an ironclad mortgage on the big barn and the beautiful farm sloping to the south, just south of us. It all slipped from him as a matter of course into the clutches of Daddie, and two yankees became the tenants or purchasers.

It was in their time that the big barn burned. They were just finishing threshing, "cleaning up" as they call it. The fluffy, featherly strawpile stood close to the north side of the barn, which was stored with hay, and also had just received the newly threshed grain into its bins. They were gathering up the chaff and spilled grain that lay around the separator, and feeding it into the fiercely revolving cylinder, that, only half satisfied, was giving out an ominous hum. All at once fire darted out of its heated jaws into the chaff underneath. The wheels and tongue of the machine stood in the way of the men stamping or rolling it out, and in an instant more it had spread to the tindery straw pile. Then there was a commotion. Some cut loose their teams from the power, others rushed to save the grain and stock in the barn. Endowed with sudden strength comparatively weak men grabbed up heavy barrels of barley and staggered out with them. But their work was soon over, the fire drove everybody out; the little Yankee farmer what with the excitement, heat and smoke was prostrated, and the hands lay down on the sward to windward and watched it burn. It was a grand sight to my boyish eyes. The light pine roofing and clapboards burnt off like so much paper, and there stood the massive oak framework, a skeleton of fire against the background of smoke. For three days the hay now smoldered, then the massive stone foundations were temporarily roofed over, and the unhoused stock came back to their stalls.

The Yankee was succeeded by a younger brother of J. G. S. ("Come lately" they dubbed him), and the evolution went on. We sold the farm and returned to the Glen. The purchaser was a German. Sailor B. finally sold and moved out of the township. When he was going one of his friends said to him, "Well B., I'm d—m glad you're going, the neighborhood will have some peace now." I believe that what drove him away was that all his old antagonists were either dead or had moved away and he felt lonesome. His brother Duncan—the hardest of hard drinkers—also left on a longer journey; what firewater had failed to do ordinary ditch water accomplished. He went to town, and not returning, search was made for him. As he had stabled near the canal, the water was drawn off, and there he was, standing upright with his boots fast in the mud and a pipe in his mouth!

Yet our neighborhood was in many ways a moral one. No tale of murder, highway robbery, or illegitimacy reached my boyish ears, and many the tales of honesty, kindness of heart and high principle. From my own knowledge it certainly was not an unkindly neighborhood. Through a long winter of suffering caused by a runaway accident, old S. treated father with the rough surgical skill he had picked up cruising around the globe, and indeed all the neighbors were kind. The curse of the neighborhood was its petty, noisy quarrels about roads, division fences, strayed stock, and most of all the groundless quarrels caused by drink. *That* is happily past, the later generation is a sober one.

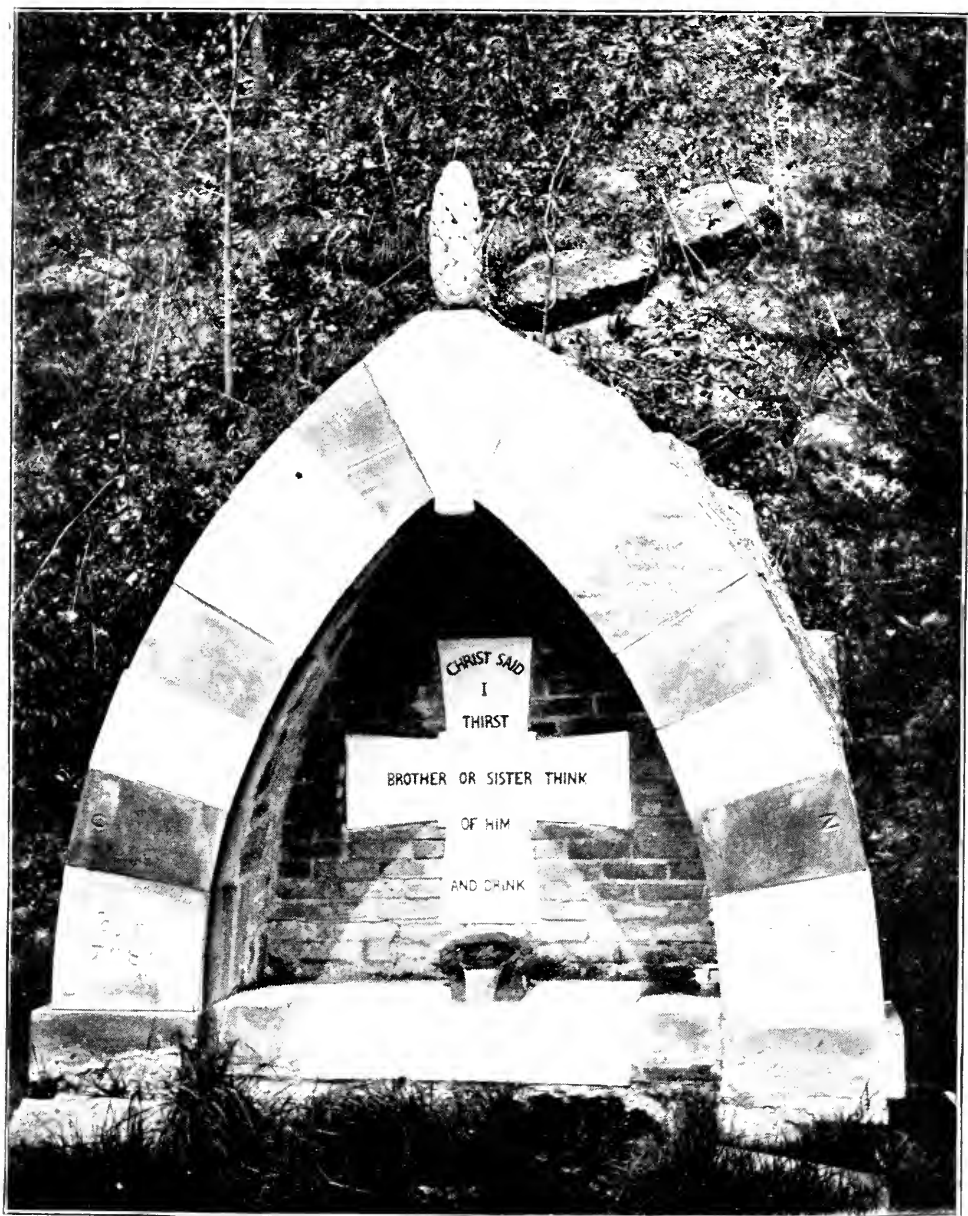
But in the old days nearly everybody (except the poor wives) was disposed to see the jolly and picturesque side of coming home from town "with a long

sled—none of your confounded bobs—and a full horn (hic) singing and drinking all the way.” And the men who drank had an instinctive dislike and distrust of those that did not, so when the humane miller tried to separate two drunken combatants, they soberly joined issues in a common cause, and pounded him for his interference. I am afraid that I give the impression that those old times were pretty “tough”; this is because the picturesque rowdy element lends itself more easily to a pen picture than the sweet, unselfish, retired life, without noise or notoriety. There were plenty of such. I bethink me of Jeanie M. and her old blind father, though her story is quite as sad as it is sweet and wholesome. The old man was the same that wore the tartans in the earlier days. I used to pass his door going to the river for clam shells. Jeanie never would marry, but staid to take care of her father. After many years of this loving, self-sacrificing service, she, on her way home from a long walk, feeling very tired, lay down on the damp grass and went to sleep. She awoke feeling stiff and chilled, but managed to get home and went to bed without telling anyone. Pneumonia came on, but the childish old man had not wit enough to call in help, and if a chance passer had not heard her sobbing, she would have died absolutely neglected. As it was it was too late to save her. Poor Jeanie! after your life of noble self-sacrifice, to miss a like ministration at last! The old man, demented and incoherent from this loss that he could feel but not understand, soon followed her.

How death aids and abets all changes! Only a few of the pioneers remain. R., the irrepressible phrenologist and stump-speaker, F., weighted down with years but the soul of uprightness, L., McK. It was R.

who, in the old days long before we came, shot a black bear near where the grove of white birches stands on the chapel hill, and it was McK. that caught me shooting blackbirds on his place, and put a sensation into my spindly legs that I have never quite experienced since. But both of these are fast severing the ties that bind them to the valley in favor of new ties in town. The remaining pioneers are indeed few. But their children remain, do they not? Are not these their children's children that throng the schools? No, they are the children of the later comers—the Germans. Verily they must be blessed according to the beatitude, at any rate they possess the land, or are fast acquiring it.

How the Germans captured this neighborhood is only one small paragraph in the chapter written by Hamlin Garland and others, that will go to make up the great book of race evolution in this and other countrysides. First they found their way to the odd lots, the stray forties, the overlooked or doubtful looking government holdings, where they raised a log-and-mud cabin, some wattle fences and pens, and lived—no one exactly knew how—but live they did, and prospered. Then they slowly bought out first one and then another of the dissatisfied, the shiftless “poor whites” of the sandy localities (our representatives of the Georgia “crackers”), the lone wives that wished to move to town, the old people. Bye and bye their areas grew larger; they acquired the finest farms, S—’s sturdy and industrious sons helping each other to farm after farm, until they now own and work to advantage the largest and choicest acreage in the valley, and are said to have their eyes on the rest. And the old Scotch settlers’ sons that have remained have married German wives.



PINE CONE FOUNTAIN.

Wonderful is this race, the coming race in the country's agriculture. Look at the persistence of the race-type, still visible to the third and fourth generation; look at their universal race pride, large enough to include in its hearty approval everything German. The poorest exult in their great men, the great glory in every one of their millions of sons, even the most lowly and insignificant. Every German feels that he *must* succeed in life—he owes it to the fatherland. He even feels that failure is impossible, for is he not a German? But he is getting infected by the American unrest and “drive”; he forgets almost the social side of his nature, so much cultivated in the land of his fathers; he forgets and neglects his race's sacred heritage of song. Perhaps when he has time to take a rest he will think of these things; but will he ever rest? Picturesque he is not either in dress, feature, or in his endless toil, but perhaps he will evolve, still, something new and beautiful.



POSTSCRIPT.

I have heralded the return of the birds, have attempted (none too well) to translate their songs, have beckoned you into the misty past, and hoped with you of the future, and the delightful, rambling, holiday task is nearly done: one more ramble together and we will say "good bye."

Ah! a carriage is just drawing up on the highway to enquire the way into the Glen. It is right here, right in at this gate and then turn to the left. (It may be mentioned here that two and one-half acres in the northeast corner of the original forty belongs to the chapel and graveyard, and the gate here mentioned opens into the chapel property at the northeast corner.) A sudden dive down into the grove, and then a gentle ascent, brings the prancing bay to a sight-seeing pace, and the first glimpse of the place is caught by the eager occupants of the carriage. On the right stands the fringe of ancient pine trees crowning the rocks, on the left is the chapel, ten feet higher up, and almost hidden by the younger growth of pines and some graceful white birches.

But what is that hideous brown band encircling the slender waist of one of these last maidenly trees? It is the fell sign-manual of a nineteenth century descendant (very much descended) of the Vandals.

To think that anyone could be so cruel as to skin this beautiful white-wrapped creature alive and then

leave it to perish;—as it surely will in time. His little soul coveted that bit of bark; “Lead us not into temptation”: young men, and maidens too, *leave your pen-knives at home*. Another white object gleams among the green, a marble cross marking the resting place of Charles P. D., the artist brother. Lifting your eyes from the grave they discover the gable end and door of the chapel. You continue down the narrow road still skirting the cemetery, to the foot of the chapel hill, catching fleeting glimpses through the trees of the lower meadow land and the homestead. At the southern foot of the chapel hill you had best tie up your horses, and then almost doubling back on your track, only this time under the lee of the hill, you follow up the stream, that will guide you to the cool recesses of the Glen. You quickly come to the Juniper ledge: look, and graciously admire if it so please you, but forbear—its *trimming* has been attended to. I notice here that the presumable sportsmen of the party are eyeing the cool reaches of the little stream under the weeping willows with interrogatory glances. Yes, there are plenty of trout—it was stocked in the '70s, and—I hesitate to say it—there are some silver spoons and other things in the house too, but I am sure that not one of you would even *borrow* these last without our leave. But I will have done; I will say no more; except to murmur apologetically “I was not always thus.”

The strip of lawn running down here to the mouth of the Glen between the hill and the stream was at one time our kitchen garden, and all the trees and shrubs—even the large pines and cedars, and the towering Balm of Gilead away back near the horses—are of father's planting. On the Pulpit Rock since 1892

stands a statue of the Virgin and Child after Deger. Before entering the Glen let me ask, "Are you thirsty?" If so, cross the stream to the Fountain, a massive gothic arch of many-tinted blocks of marble, relieved by two of our own Lake Superior brown-stone, and surmounted by a sculptured pine cone. You will read the inscription within, "Christ said 'I thirst,' Brother or Sister, think of Him, and drink," and after refreshing yourselves, will doubtless puzzle over the letters and hieroglyphics on the face of the fount. To guard against stupid blunders, let me be their interpreter. It was the intention to commemorate by initial or monogram a few names that are especially dear to the Glen. The pure-white marble keystone contains three: a star for Miss Eliza Allen Starr the authoress, A. de V. for Aubrey De Vere the poet, and father's familiar Greek "delta." Downward on the right will be found B., P., Z. and N., standing for Jas. Booth, Coventry Patmore, Val. Zimmerman and Mr. Nader; and down to the other side H., R., M. and O., signifying Joshua Hathaway, John Ruskin, Andrew Mullen and W. J. Onahan. Take another sip to offset the unavoidable dryness of my narration, and let us repair to the Glen. The sweet-briar that you pass at the mouth marks not "where a garden had been" but the site of Geo. Mearns' old log house, and the birthplace of the youngest of the family, the loved sister. So much has been said about the Glen's interior in the preceding papers, that I will omit any general description here. Your quick eyes have perhaps discovered a small Maltese cross cut in the first spur of the rocks on the right. If you have read father's "Dear Retreat" you will recognize it as the "Sacred symbol in the stone" of the poem. We cross

the stream here on a few precarious stepping stones, but I notice that the young ladies and also the gentlemen like these crossings (there is another farther up) better than a bridge. The bed of the stream has widened and altered greatly of late, and sooner or later will claim the entire ground floor of the Glen as its own. Apropos, the considerate (!) visitors (some of them) do not wait to be asked for their autographs, but claim "wall space" for the same quite freely. The gray (or black) birch trunks are also "Sacred to the memory" of the M's and N's. Horrid barbarians!

Above the second crossing and near the boundary line, is the Weeping Ledge. Here one sees that the Glen is indeed

"Filled with streams forever weeping,
Through the rocks in mossy rills."

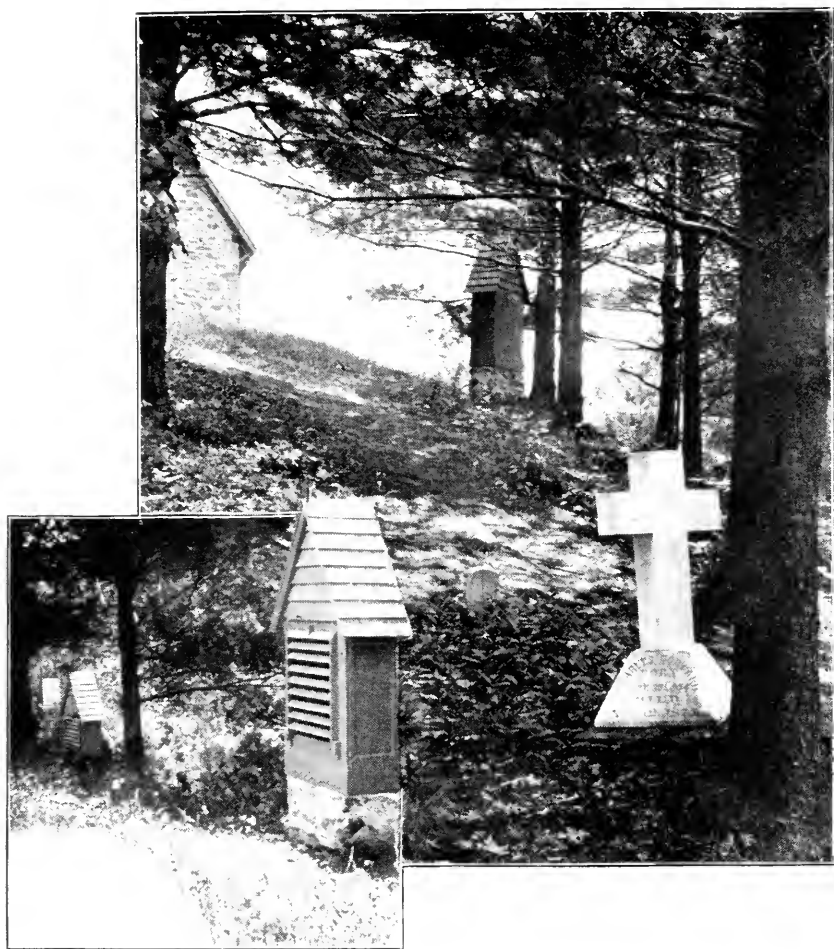
and wonders that the fount never runs dry. The corroding action of the stream—unchecked it would seem by any "pudding stone"—is undermining the ledge, and it is to be feared that it may disappear at no distant day. Now let us return to the more sunny open, and your lunch.

Are you interested in grapes or wine? Perhaps father will show you the vineyard. It had its commencement in the little kitchen and flower garden at the Glen mouth, from some roots brought out from Milwaukee. The scribe has some personal knowledge of those first attempts to raise grapes, menaced as they were by birds, early frosts, and the perverse destructiveness of youth. On one occasion of a vine's first fruiting, a youngster (not to be named) armed with a lath and a cheerful disregard of consequences attacked the precious bunches; and when he got

through he announced to the distracted grape-raiser that there was "one berry left." Later on John, Charles and James made themselves a "grapery" apiece just back of where the tower now stands, and father planted out an arc-shaped bed on the edge of the bank bordering the marsh. Both are entirely obliterated now, and the vines are almost all on the face of the old "quarry hill," since rechristened "Weinberg." Here they escape the mildew of the heavier soil, and are not cut off by the early frosts that follow the bed of the stream. Father announces thirty varieties, among them the Agawam, Golden Pocklington, Jessica, Niagara, Vergennes, Duchess, Israel, Rebecca, Eumallan, and many more celebrities worthy and unworthy, as well as the old reliable standbys like the Concord, and the Delaware. Also the "Bertha," "Thecla" and "Louise," three seedlings immortalizing Miss Patmore, Miss Durward and Miss Claude respectively. The vineyard contains between five and six hundred vines.

Former visitors will look regrettingly at the spot once occupied by the apiary, and at the unused honey house, or mellidom as the classic scholar calls it. Perhaps some of the real old-timers may remember the inside of the now desolate and empty studio. "The years creep slowly by," or rather is it not quickly? It is well; leave the past—some of it—to the ghosts.

The low-eaved cottage (a home production) is full of portraits and sketches, books and curios, and the visitors will call there to get a cicerone for the near-at-hand stone structure, by some called the Tower, by others the Monastery, Picture Gallery, etc. It contains a cabinet of stuffed specimens of native



THE ARTIST'S GRAVE.

birds and beasts, and a library room, on the ground floor, and a collection of pictures, and some statuary, upstairs. Let us commence with the cabinet. Here the scribe would modestly plead guilty to being also the taxidermist. There are one hundred and twenty specimens, all captured in the state. The American ravens, white crane, grey foxes, porcupine, and raccoon are perhaps of the greatest interest. The foxes are genuine Scriptural foxes, they were caught with purpled tongues, among the vines. The library is yet only in its inception, and may be passed over. Mounting the stair to the upper floor, and getting the window—like Satan—behind you, a unique collection of family portraits in crayon (mentioned elsewhere) will be found covering the entire north wall. The two side walls are devoted to oil paintings by B. I. D., C. P. D., J. D., M. T. D., and H. Vianden.

Lastly the chapel may be visited, walking up the hill by a "wolken-steg," while the carriage goes round. It was built in 1866 and since then two of the family have said their first masses there, one has been married and one buried from it. The altarpiece is "Our Lady of Lourdes," taking the place of one painted for the church after Murillo, and at present in Baraboo. Encircling the chapel and the cemetery are the Station Shrines, erected in 1889. The pictures are from designs by Delaroche and others. Father John returning from Palestine that year brought a little soil from the site of the original Stations in the Via Dolorosa at Jerusalem, and this was incorporated in these, making this hill-top a veritable Holy Land. Is that the roll of our carriage? Yes, I believe so; partings are all abrupt, here as elsewhere. Farewell.

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